

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Those who write for newspapers have no reason to complain of a lack of topics, for recent and coming events of importance are numerous enough. Of course there is always the fear that in writing on grave public matters in a paper like this, where subjects must be treated more or less in the lighter vein, people may get into the habit of jumping over the subjects which are best worth reading and picking out only the things which have some appearance of originality or passing interest. The leading topics also lose their power to charm because they are so often dealt with in the daily papers and must necessarily become something of a bore.

Mr. Meredith's speech in London is just such a topic, yet the lessons he sought to teach and the principles he put forward are those that the people of this country need most to learn. That he was studiously moderate, conspicuously high-spirited and patriotic, will pass for nothing amongst those of his critics who will endeavor to still further inflame Roman Catholic electors against him on account of his thoroughly non-sectarian and proper position in educational matters. "Bigot" is a ready word these days, but it is being overworked. Certainly we should all find a common impulse in Mr. Meredith's wish that capacity for public office, and not to what church a man belongs, should be the first matter enquired into. It is not so, and it is the very intolerance which finds place in so many churches outside of Roman Catholicism that makes the whole community ready to flare up and be unjust and untruthful in characterizing this man or the other as a heathen, a bigot, or a disturber of the public peace. I most sincerely hope that Mr. Meredith will win in the campaign, which must necessarily from this time out be a very heated one. It is the campaign of a noble and high-spirited gentleman against a great deal of smug pretentiousness and the high-handed assertion of a church that it has special rights in the province. That bitter things may creep into the campaign of the Opposition may be expected, inasmuch as they will be so continually provoked, but it is to be devoutly hoped that the main broad principle of the entire abolition of any special rights to any denomination may be kept always in view, for even in the midst of defeat a party has a right to be proud of conducting an educational campaign. It takes years to broaden a community, and those who attempt the task have always a greater prospect of defeat than of success. In this contest, however, Mr. Meredith's friends should certainly have the right to believe that previous contests must yield much fruit in this one, and we all feel more certain of success than ever before.

Another matter which has been before the people for many years and rejected by many as unimportant if not thoroughly impracticable, is the deepening of all our canals and waterways sufficiently to permit vessels drawing twenty feet of water to enter the most remote ports of all the great lakes. Our local members of Parliament and the City Council have interested themselves in this most important question now before the citizens of Canada, yet within a year and a half while pressing this same project on all those that I could get to read or listen to the subject, I was called a crank and a visionary, and spoken of by the newspapers of Toronto, without exception, as being absurd. An additional absurdity in their opinion was my contention that these great works should be undertaken with a view to giving employment to all those who claimed that they were unable to procure work, that another section of the work should be of a semi-reformatory character, where inmates and those notoriously dependent upon public charity could be given something to do, and such small wages as could be paid them sent to the families dependent upon them. This idea made many of the editors laugh and they grew very funny in discussing it, yet the very crisis in industrial affairs which I ventured to predict at that time has already come about. In the United States hundreds of thousands are said to be unemployed, and in the absence of any great national work and lacking the establishment of some such reformatory and employing agency, thousands are marching to Washington to demand that the Government shall provide them with bread. A much exaggerated demand for employment has been raised by hundreds of people in Toronto, and sufficient has been made evident to us, to even the most careless, to establish the fact that no man can be permitted to become a tramp or to become one of an army of tramps under the pretense that he cannot obtain work. I also urged that the criminals now incarcerated in the great prisons of the Dominion should be employed on the work of deepening the canals. Following the present waterways, convict ships such as have been in use for hundreds of years can follow the progress of the work and house the convicts within a few yards of the point at which they are employed. Now these convicts are either idling away their time in the penitentiaries and prisons or are put in competition with honest labor.

The argument of the exceeding great expense should be silenced at once if the proper industrial phase of the movement is conscientiously considered. In a time of depression like we see in the United States the out puts of the factories and mills and the material for furnishing transportation companies with freight are so greatly diminished that the hundreds of thousands out of employment become

almost non-consumers, and by the fact of their not having buying capacity increase the depression a hundredfold. And so on, as the depression intensifies the crisis becomes more serious, and the country having no remedy the nation has an exceedingly gloomy outlook, fraught with disturbances which are sure to take place when any vast number of people become hopeless and helpless. In discussing the possibility of deepening our canals under the light of such reasonable suggestions as those I think I have made, we can see a means of avoiding those intense and acute troubles which are already so unfortunately developed in the United States. To such works can be sent the man who claims that he cannot get work. There he must suffer from a certain amount of restraint, modified according to his previous manner of life and as to whether he is vicious or criminal. The community, relieved of all such, can more readily adjust itself to what we call hard times, and at the same time a great national undertaking may be proceeding steadily on its way. I would not have it for a moment thought that I am reiterating the advantages of such a system in any spirit of being able to remark "I told you so," or for the vainglory of trying to make my readers imagine that I am possessed of a wonderful idea.

arrangements for removing the railroad bridge at the mouth of it so that even a stone-hopper could get in.

In this connection the clamor of local constituencies interested in the Trent Valley canal should be forever quieted. Like the Hurontario ship canal it is an insane project, and it is wonderful that Sir John Thompson or any member of his Ministry should be persuaded to patiently listen to a demand for what is nothing more than a wasting of public funds and the building of a scow canal. The day of small freight boats has passed, and it is the extinction of this class of boat and its replacement by the immense freight carriers that makes the deepening of the St. Lawrence and our canal system absolutely imperative.

I notice that the Government has been increasing the pay of some of the officers in the North-West Mounted Police and that no symptoms are being shown of a reduction in the force. Having but recently returned from the North-West and having made it my business to find out the truth of the matter, as well as the general tendency of public opinion there, I think I can safely say that the Government is making a very great mistake. I did not meet a well informed

and at the present moment is twice too large.

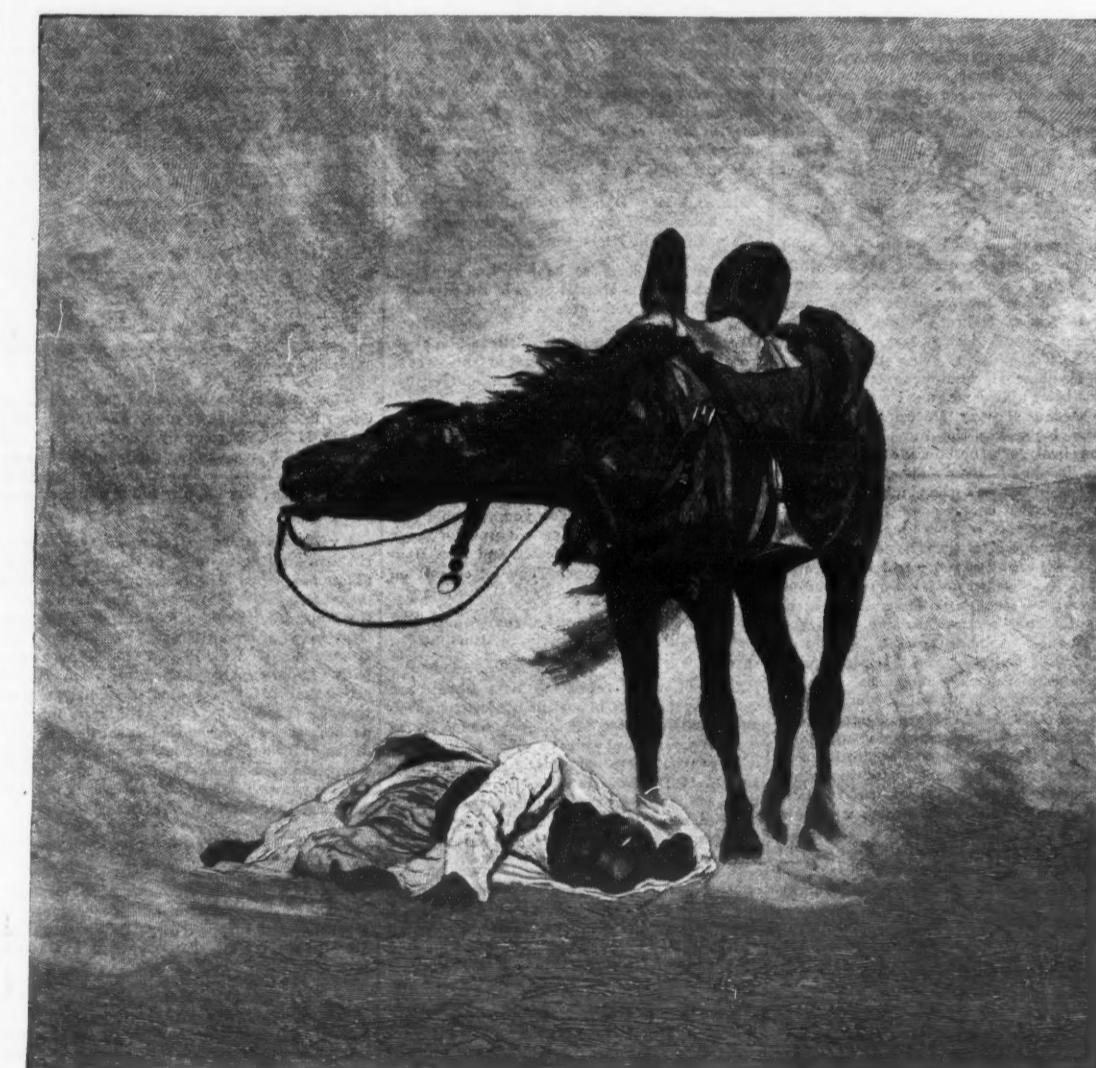
I notice that the question of irrigation in the North-West is being very seriously considered both in that country itself and in Parliament, and that bills are being prepared and introduced by the Hon. Mr. Daly, and that delegates are in the capital urging some Government assistance in their enterprise. As the herds increase on the Western ranches, grass must necessarily be much more closely eaten off. Some winters the snow is deeper than others, and it is generally recognized by ranchmen that they must provide themselves with hay for feeding in severe winters. Hay land is very hard to get; in fact, without irrigation the supply is impossible in many localities. Being able to flood the land at the right time of the year, enormous yields of hay can be had and such other items of mixed farming introduced as will make the small ranch much more profitable than it is now. Admitting, then, that ranching and dairying are the hope of the North-West Territories, it is evident that irrigation is an absolute necessity. Except in matters of the Mounted Police the Government has not been over generous to those sparsely settled, and the Eastern provinces should not be too stingy in contemplating the expenditure of some public money there.

record for twenty-six days of the month, and one exceeding the spring business of last year.

That part of the North-West is very much like Ontario inasmuch as it has a mixture of prairie and timber. Creameries are being introduced, mixed farming is generally prevalent, and as they hardly hope to raise wheat for export, cattle and hogs for feeding are in great demand. Live-stock people may look with something like contempt on the prairie-fed beef, yet at Red Deer, about half-way from Calgary to Edmonton, a little bunch of sixteen cattle, raised and fed altogether on the prairie, were weighed and averaged between thirteen and fourteen hundred pounds apiece and brought \$35 each. A drover told me of another bunch of well-bred stock that had been hay fed through the winter, that averaged in the neighborhood of sixteen hundred pounds apiece. Of course it has been an exceptionally good winter, but no country can be despised that can produce stock like this at a very nominal expense. Soltile, indeed, is the expense of herding and feeding the cattle that yearling calves bring twelve and fifteen dollars a head, and everything obtained above that is considered profit, except a dollar or two per annum for herding each head. I feel like saying a great deal about the North-West, but I know that it would not be read if I gave you two or three columns of it, and I shall satisfy my enthusiasm by working in a paragraph of this sort every now and then.

Of Edmonton itself no one can say anything but good. In a business sense it seems more permanent than any other place west of Winnipeg, except Calgary perhaps. Its location is one of the most strikingly beautiful that can be imagined. It was just at sunset when Mr. Frank Oliver, the proprietor of the Edmonton Bulletin, drove me to the bank of the Saskatchewan, which separates the railway station from the town proper. A more glorious view could not be obtained, it seems to me, anywhere in America. The Saskatchewan, even so far north and west, is a mighty river. We were on a ridge surrounded by trees and on a high bluff opposite was the town; beneath us, the river and the old-fashioned ferry; above us for a couple of miles were the great trees that shadow the waters and the ice-clad shores; below, great bluffs and mountains and distant hills, all bathed in the yellow light of sunset. Edmonton is a place that every visitor in the North-West should see. In a miniature style it is like Toronto, a place of homes. People who have settled there seem to have made up their minds to stay and have made themselves comfortable, and architecturally the houses, large and small, are pretty and have trees about them, and trees are what one misses most in the prairie country. I was driven to see the big lumber mills, the brick kilns, and all those institutions which go to make a town solid and to provide material for building it up in a proper way. Then we went to an Oddfellows' concert and heard as good music as we would hear in Toronto, and saw as gay a scene at the dance which followed as one can see here. Whether it was the kindness and attention of the gentleman who showed me the place or a number of fortuitous circumstances, or some of the odd things which brighten the vision of a traveler, I know not, but I left Edmonton thoroughly convinced of its solidity and the attractiveness of the great stretch of country which surrounds it. It was the head of navigation in the old Hudson Bay days, and the memory of a visit to it is a sort of mixture between a reminiscence of Quebec, a ride through Calgary and a quiet day in dear old Toronto.

In view of the immense questions which should occupy the minds of those having charge of Toronto's prospects, it is uproariously absurd to discuss the spending of two thousand dollars in advertising this city. Cities can only advertise themselves by their attractiveness as places of residence, recreation or business, and anything else would only suggest to the few who might see such small advertisements as have been proposed, that this is a cross-roads village with more ambition than brains. What could possibly be done with two thousand dollars to advertise Toronto? Is it proposed to get out a half-sheet poster with a picture of the Mayor in the grand and heroic act of refusing a welcome to a thousand or twelve hundred delegates who are holding a convention, the aim of which was not in harmony with his Worship's ideas? That is the sort of advertising that does Toronto harm. A little good sense in preventing such advertisements is worth more than the spending of a couple of thousand dollars alleging that we have ample hotel accommodation for tourists, though, by the way, it is no better now than it was twenty-five years ago. Can we attract the tourist by proclaiming in these frivolous advertisements that no street cars are permitted to run on Sunday and that those who visit our city will have to walk on the sabbath or else stay at home? Would it not be much wiser to widen our policy a little bit and initiate not a crazy canal scheme, but a reasonable and profitable proposition for bringing water and power from Lake Simcoe, enabling us then by cheap power to be attractive to manufacturers? Even Winnipeg, by considering the advisability of utilizing power of the falls of the Assiniboine, has succeeded in getting two excellent propositions from capitalists. It is by undertaking great and necessary matters in a businesslike way and attracting capital and being heralded through all the



THE BLAST OF DEATH.

The subject seems so simple, the remedy so far-reaching, and the whole idea so thoroughly in line with the development of Christian civilization, that it is a matter of continual wonder to me that it has not long before this been a part of the policy of every advanced government.

The advantage of making it possible for ocean ships to come into our lakes needs no discussion. If we ever expect to trade with our Maritime Province fellow-citizens we must have the cheapest possible means of communicating with them. They are naturally sailors, ship builders and ship owners; they would bring us coal and iron and the product of their fisheries, and take back our flour. A large interchange of these commodities cannot be hoped for with so many hundreds of miles of railroad haulage. It might be argued that the expense of this national undertaking would be objectionable to the people of the North-West, but it must be remembered that they, too, being shippers of coarse freight, are even more interested than we are in the problem of transportation by water. It is a great problem and should be looked at in the widest and most patriotic way. Surely there can be no question that if the work is undertaken the canals should all be at least twenty feet deep. The great Canadian canal at the Sault has that depth of water, and it would be absurd if we engaged large ships to start on their long inland journey only to discover that some of the canals would not admit of them passing through. It would be like our Don improvement, where we dug a canal deeper in some places than in others and forgot to make ar-

man in the whole North-West who did not believe that half the present force would be ample to maintain law and order. In conversation with a number of public men I asked if half the force were permitted to retire at the end of their term of enlistment, and their arms and accoutrements divided up amongst the various settlements for the use of local cavalry companies, if the people of the North-West would not feel just as safe and as satisfied as at present. I was毫不迟疑地assured by everyone that the whole country would be delighted by the change, except possibly in the localities where a large force is now maintained and the merchants live largely on the money expended.

At present there is no local militia; every young man has a horse, and as amusements and occasions for gathering together are very rare, I am sure that the greatest enthusiasm would be manifested in establishing little cavalry companies. As each settlement has at present one mounted policeman, he could act as custodian of the arms and equipments and would make a very efficient drill master. Under these circumstances much more success could be expected from such cavalry companies in the North-West than from those in Ontario. This fact, together with the immense saving it would effect—nearly half a million dollars a year—should be sufficient to induce the Government to seriously consider the whole subject. Eastern people would not object to that half-million dollars being expended on irrigation enterprises such as are necessary to develop that country, but no one with a knowledge of the facts can much longer keep silence on the maintenance of a force in the North-West which is very rapidly outliving its usefulness.

If, however, a half a million dollars could be saved in the maintenance of a police and patrol force in those districts, a vast amount could be accomplished by the use of that money in building irrigation ditches, diverting the course of streams and in the storage of water. The United States Government has spent a good deal of money in such experiments and in assisting enterprises which have been carried out by local capitalists and ranchmen.

These disturbances and the depression in the United States are producing one result which Canadians cannot regard with anything but satisfaction. In the western country a very large number of those born in the Dominion, but who sought their fortunes in Dakota, Nebraska, Montana, Washington and Oregon, are returning to our Western Territories, glad indeed to be again beneath the Union Jack. Many, too, who have been the pioneers of settlement in the Western States and who always feel "cluttered up" if they have a neighbor within a mile, are going into our northern country. These make the best settlers we can possibly have, inasmuch as they are accustomed to prairie farming and hustling for a living to themselves and their live stock. On April 26 I was a passenger on the train from Calgary to Edmonton over a line that is only about three years old, and it was marvelous to see the towns and villages that are springing up. The Canadian Government Emigration Agent who looks after this district told me that in the twenty-six days of April he had already received one thousand and fifty-five settlers and eighty-seven carloads of effects, the majority of which are from the United States. A pretty good

newspapers of America as a great, enterprising and attractive and broad-minded city, that we can benefit ourselves.

I never knew it was possible for women to be so selfish and insulting as some of them are, until I observed the habits of a couple of female tourists who were crossing the continent last week on a trip around the world. Travel is said to widen and civilize people, but it was evident that these women had escaped all those influences in their months of journeying. The she-snob of the English pattern is, I think, the most unattractive and self-assertive of anything in the human family. I had a berth opposite to these persons and they were in the habit of calling the porter and discussing the possibility of obtaining possession of my berth, while I sat just across the aisle from them, but they did not deign to consult me in the matter at all. Of course the porter could not give them my berth, but in my absence in the smoking-room they piled their luggage all over mine, unpacked their carry-all and valises so that I could not even get at the tobacco in my valise without excavating for fifteen or twenty minutes. While engaged in the not-improper task of trying to find a satchel buried in female duds, they looked coldly and pityingly on me as if I had no right to explore for my own property in the space of a Pullman car that I had purchased. I am willing to stand a good deal from women, but this was too much, and I finally took their truck and dumped it in the aisle, and a rare old mess of paravols, petticoats and unmentionable articles it was. Then I stretched myself out and had a snooze, and heard them converse about the horrible manners of people in this "blasted" country. But I am an old Pullman campaigner, and whenever I saw them show a disposition to sit down in my seat while their berth was being made up I spared no time or expense in occupying the whole business, and of course they had to go somewhere else.

I got the best of those women. One of them was an old maid, I should say, thirty-five, and in the morning she insisted on leaning against the curtains of my berth while she dressed herself, and as I was the berth next the end of the aisle and the ladies' toilet-room, the other one stood on guard and acted as a shield. It is recognized in Pullman car etiquette that everybody leans against his own curtains and keep on his own side of the alley. As she leaned against my curtains of course there was a yawning chasm between the two of them, and as she was engaged in putting the garter on the second stocking after tucking some white article under the black hose, I spoke up and requested her to please close the curtains, and there was a swish of drapery and a closing of curtains that was as sudden as a stroke of lightning. I think she was much more disturbed than she would have been had there been anything on exhibition more attractive than an ordinary soup-bone, but I heard no more remarks, and having gotten over the worst of the fit I vacated the berth. Their stuff was immediately piled up mountain-high and they were in great glee, but at Oak Lake a missionary who was returning from years of service amongst the Indians embarked with his wife and five children, and this berth was the only one the porter could give them. One of the women having the lower was consulted as to whether they would take the section they previously had or give the clergyman, his wife and five small children the two upper. The women, with the selfishness characteristic of that section of their sex that think the world was made for them, insisted that the preacher and his family should take the two upper berths. Having an upper berth, however, entitles the occupant to one of the two seats in the section, so the preacher and his wife and two children sat opposite one woman, and three children sat opposite to the other, and there was a row. The women talked to one another across the aisle about these frightful children, saying that the car had been turned into a nursery, that they did not believe he had bought more than one berth anyhow, but the preacher held his ground and was as ugly as a Blackfoot brave. It was funny to see them sit there, the two English women holding their seats and afraid even to go out for lunch lest the youngsters would seize on the whole section! The clergyman was an Anglican of exceedingly polite manners and his children were far above the average, but in a three days' trip he rounded those women up into a nice corner, and I interested me very much to go and sit with the parson and his family and nurse the youngsters, and converse about the habits of snob English tourists. It seems to me that two women who were so unmindful of the niceties of life as to act as they did, deserved to be very unhappy, and I think Providence, the preacher, the kids and myself provided them all the unhappiness they needed.

We get a wrong idea of English people by studying some of these tourists who come out here on a Cook's ticket with meal coupons attached. They probably get a wrong idea of us, but it is pretty hard to hear one of these angular gadabouts telling the porter, "We must have our window up, you know. We are English, you know; we must have air," (pronounced a-awh). It was funny to see the colored porter, how he would take it all in, particularly when they asked him, "What do they call the Kowst?" "I never heard of it, ma'am." "What, never heard of the Kowst?" All of these people talk about the Kowst. "O," he says, "the coast you mean. That is the Pacific Coast." "Well, why do they call it the Pacific Kowst?" "I don't know, ma'am, unless it is because everybody minds their own business out there," and all the time he was as deferential as he could be.

The Queen's Birthday celebrations of the present are vastly different from those I remember twenty-five or thirty years ago. Of course a boy's capacity for enjoyment is very much greater than that of a man, but looking back to those rough-and-ready performances in the country villages and towns, it seems to me there was much of real jollity and mirth that is absent from our more elaborate celebrations. It would be worth a lot to thousands of us if we could still consider the old-fashioned Cal-thumpian procession the very funniest thing on earth. Half the fun of the show was in

guessing the names of the clowns and guying the performers as they passed. All the mystery of it and the unrestrained and uproarious mirth have gone out of it, and we will never see such funny things again.

I think I never recognized the continuous change that is going on in one's notions of things and the different impressions that the same surroundings make upon us on different occasions, so much as during my last trip through the Rocky Mountains. The first time I saw the greatest aggregation of grand scenery that is to be found in America, perhaps in the world, there was not a moment of daylight I did not employ in watching the wonderful panoramas of mountain and valley and stream, and the great towering cliffs and almost bottomless gorges. The last time I went through I was reading Dodo. Imagine anybody reading Dodo in the Rocky Mountains! I was rather startled to find what a Dodoesque impression I had got. It seemed such a shame to read, yet taking the hard and worldly view of it, that Dodo took of everything, I came to the conclusion that sightseers look too much and see so much that they are unable to grasp and bring away with them the best features of either mountain scenery or an art gallery. One's first vision of anything wonderful and startlingly grand results in a vast amount of natural wonderment, but there is nothing in screwing oneself up to be awed and trying to rewarmed the old sensations, for there are new ones to be had. I noticed the last time, as I did not previously, how the train seemed to tip-toe along the dangerous places, and that the puffing of the engine was sometimes hushed as if it were holding its breath. As one looks up from a book, aroused by the peculiar sound of going over a trestle, the view from a window produces that delightfully insecure feeling that I imagine one would have in looking down from a balloon. Yet one would not desire that feeling to last very long, and even if balloon traveling is introduced I do not reckon this generation will ever take very kindly to it. Then, again, the scream of the engine as it comes to a particularly dangerous curve sounds interrogatory, as if it were lost and were crying out, expecting an answer; it is as shrill and long-drawn-out as the balloon one might expect to hear out of the darkness and danger of a storm in the mountains. Amongst these rather inconsequent impressions was the creaking of the cars, as if they were feeling shivery and were hanging on to the engine with the fear of having the ends pulled out of them while being hauled up-grade.

An old idea came back to me such as I can remember very frequently having while lying in bed alone while reading dime novels or after having done some very improper thing, "How would you like to be 'called away' with a book like that in your hand?" With it came the words of a traveling preacher who once rebuked me for my frivolity by telling me that I would have to give an account of every idle word I spoke, yet here was I reading the most worldly and frivolous book of the decade while going through tunnels, over appallingly high bridges and taking what might be considered unusual chances of having heterogeneous pieces of me and leaves of Dodo gathered out of the bottom of some ravine. Amongst these reflections I discovered how little fear has to do with one's conduct after experience teaches us how many chances there are of our getting through all right. Otherwise how could I possibly, amidst all these awful heights and depths, with the occasional spooky darkness of the tunnels and snow-sheds, think complacently that these very semi-representative experiences would make a good paragraph for my front page, whilst rather yielding to the notion that Dodo's excess of candid worldliness was rather an interesting mixture, taking the scenery and a few serious thoughts thrown in? However, there is one thing certain, that the pleasure of traveling is more than half destroyed by this continual and professional noting of scenery and impressions with the one unending night-mare of making manuscript out of it for a front page or anywhere else. Don.

Social and Personal.

WEATHER of the most awful description prevailed during the latter half of last week, when the military tournament, with which the new drill hall was opened, was in progress. But the well known weakness of Toronto folk for a soldier moved the crowd to attend fully each performance, and even on the last night, when a three days' rain had rendered the earth and air a saturated sponge, the drill hall was filled to overflowing. On Thursday the Queen's Own were the honored corps, having precedence of the others and claiming the night as their own; on Friday, the Grenadiers; on Saturday, the Kilties, with a Saturday matinee for the Regulators. Each in turn were leaders of the tournament. Everybody went—old ladies who feared neither mud nor moisture turned out by scores, young ladies, *cela va sans dire*, by hundreds, and whole families occupied rows of seats and boxes. Officers were there in red, in green, in plaid, and an interest easily to be understood was taken by a vast multitude in their feats of prowess. Among the handsome and soldierly visitors from Ottawa, Kingston and Quebec, were Major-General Herbert, who was accompanied by Mrs. Herbert; Lieut.-Col. Wilson, who also brought his bright and charming wife; Lieut.-Col. Irwin, who disputed with Col. Montsambert the palm of being the handsomest of the visiting officers; Lieut.-Col. Smith of London, Major Dury of Kingston, a very trim and soldierly officer indeed; Major Denison, from the Military School at London, who had with him Mrs. Denison, and was warmly greeted by shoals of old friends. The other visitors were: Lieut.-Colonel Cotton, D.A.G.; Lieut.-Colonel Rogers,

Prince of Wales' Canadian Dragoons, and several lesser lights in the military world. Of the successful competitors it is only needful to say that they were well worthy of their honors and were closely pressed by their rivals. The staff comprised Lieut.-Colonel Otter, Lieut. Harry Wyatt and Sgt.-Major Dingley, who announced the various events and results in a fine ringing voice, which reminded many of Lieut. Rawson Turner, who performed the same office at the English tournament last summer. Comparisons were of course made between that exhibition and this, and not always to the advantage of the latter, but it would be manifestly absurd to compare the performance of a handful of regularly trained men and horses with the exploits of volunteers, who certainly did exceedingly well. The troops owe much of the success of the tournament to the co-operation of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, whose musical ride brought down the house at every performance, men and horses acquitting themselves perfectly, while the officers, Capt. Lessard and Lieut. Foster, were models of deportment and gave some of the uninited a treat in watching their riding and jumping. I heard specially nice things said of Lieut. Forrester in this respect. The sensation of the Saturday evening performance was the victory of the Grenadiers over the brawny Kilties in the tug of war. No one expected them to be so impolite as to beat the regiment of the evening, but they did, and Captain Andy Irving looked quite an inch taller as he straightened up after time was called and by a little nod acquainted his men with the fact. No one knows how the feat was accomplished, but I heard some conjectures as to the power of Captain Irving's mesmeric influence and the uncanny wave of his hand across the small of his back. Of course the Kilties "didn't fash theirselves" over a small matter like that, but the friends of the Grenadiers made the new drill hall ring. Captain Merritt and Lieutenant George Peters of the Governor-General's Body Guards looked very fine in their handsome blues and silver, and on Saturday evening Major Cosby with a couple of handsome young captains made a splendid-looking trio on horseback. As for the audience, it was eminently representative of all that is best in Toronto, from bishop to beadle, from matron in diamonds to soldier's sweetheart in calico, and the opening of the new drill hall gave us all an impression of the smartness and *esprit de corps* of our regular and volunteer soldiers which was as pleasant as it will probably be lasting.

Mr. and Mrs. Dryatt Birchall have rented their house on Huron street for the summer, and leave for the Island immediately.

Everyone is sorry to hear of the intended departure of Miss Harris, niece of Dr. Strange, for England early in June.

Letters from Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem from Athens have been received this week, telling of their continued health and enjoyment of their trip.

Among the teas last week was a very pleasant one given on Wednesday by Mrs. Larratt Smith.

Miss Ola White and Mr. Bertie Bonnell are to be married on June 2. The young people will live in the Bonnell residence, corner of Bloor and Madison avenue, while Mr. and Mrs. Bonnell, etc., are in Europe. The latter sail on June 16.

The wedding of Miss Langmuir and Mr. Porter will take place early in June, at St. Andrew's.

Some of our Toronto milliners have been very busy during the past month with numerous *trousseaux* for out-of-town weddings, as well as for several to take place in Toronto. Stitt was given a sumptuous order for Miss Labatt of London, and the lovely paraphernalia has just been despatched for the wedding next month. Miss Nairn's *trousseau* is also completed and some of her gowns are dreams of beauty.

Mrs. R. G. Wilkie left last week on a visit to her sister, Mrs. A. M. Moore of Washington, D.C. Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Wilkie, accompanied by their sister, Mrs. Frank Yeigh, intend sailing for Europe on June 2, for a three months' trip.

Mrs. Henry Yeigh of Brantford is visiting relatives in the city.

The annual athletic meeting of Upper Canada College was held on Friday of last week on the new track at the college grounds. The wet weather of the early part of the day and night before made the track very heavy, but the different events were closely contested. A large number of friends of the college turned out to see the sport, despite the very unfavorable weather, including a sprinkling of the fair sex. The College new quarter-mile track is the best of its kind in the city and the records, although none were broken, were fully up to the average. The band of the Royal Grenadiers discoursed sweet music, which materially assisted in enlivening the afternoon's proceedings. The Lieutenant-Governor presented the prizes in Convocation Hall at the close of the games. The success of the games is due to the College stewards, who are the captains of the various college sporting organizations. These young gentlemen worked hard for weeks to render the affair successful. They collected subscriptions and conducted the games themselves without the aid or interference of the school staff, and the successful manner in which the arrangements were carried out reflects great credit on them. The programme went off without a hitch. The stewards are: Reginald H. Temple, A. A. Macdonald, F. E. Hunter, J. L. Todd, R. S. Walde, and C. H. Bradburn. They elected the following officials: Judges, Dr. D. J. Armour, F. N. Waddle; starters, Messrs. Higginbotham and McConnell; time-keepers, Messrs. Robinson and Counsell; scorer, D. E. Wright. The Lieutenant-Governor, the Board of Trustees and masters were the patrons. Among the many present were: His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Commander L.W. Dr., Mrs. and the Misses Temple, D., and Mrs. Albert Macdonald, Miss Macdonald, Mrs. Beardmore, Mrs. Smart, Mr. C. H. Bradburn, the Misses Smart, Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Mr. Maitland, Miss Walde,

Miss Aileen Gooderham, Mr. R. H. and the Misses Temple, Mr. and Mrs. D. Walker, Rev. Arthur Manning, Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. Somerville, Miss Brouse, Miss Stanway, Miss Gooderham, Mrs. and Miss Holmsted, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Dickson, Mrs. W. S. Jackson, Hon. J. B. Robinson, Mr. John Massey, Miss Pearson, Miss Violet Gooderham, Mr. W. H. and Miss Beatty, Mrs. Brouse, Dr. C. A. Temple, Mr. George Brooke, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. Pelham Edgar, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mr. H. Hunter, Mr. Eoy, Miss Walker, Mr. Fred Walker, Mrs. Ryerson, Capt. F. Hunter, the Misses Howard, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Myles, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mr. Reginald Temple, Mrs. J. R. Robertson, Mrs. Bristol, Mr. W. H. Bunting, Mrs. Wadsworth, Prof. Baker, Mrs. M. Clarke, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Wallace Nesbit, Mrs. and Miss Elwood, Mr. A. A. Macdonald, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. and the Misses Hoskin, Mr. J. L. Todd, Mrs. W. S. and the Misses Lee, Mrs. Darling, Mrs. and Miss Boulbee, Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, Mrs. and Miss McArthur, Mrs. W. J. McMaster, Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, Mr. R. S. Walde, Mr. W. H. Hargrave, the Misses Phillips, Miss Drynan, the Misses McKellar, Mr. Hull, Mr. Sparling, Mr. Leacock, Mrs. and the Misses Brown, Mrs. Forsythe Grant, Mr. T. Morrison, Miss Mulock, and many others. The stewards are to be congratulated on the success of the meet, despite the inclement weather, and on the valuable prizes offered for competition.

Brightly lighted were all the windows at Rosemere, the pretty residence of Mrs. C. G. Ross of Newmarket, last Thursday. It was the occasion of a large party given in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Sisley of Maple, who were visiting Mrs. Ross. Mrs. Ross was assisted by Mr. Ross in receiving the guests. Plants and flowers were placed to advantage in various nooks and corners. Progressive euchre was indulged in by most of the guests, while those who did not care for the game played pedro, and a few gentlemen repaired to that "man's delight," the cosy smoking room. About eleven p.m. supper was served in the dining-room and was one of those for which the hostess at Rosemere is so well known. After supper dancing was indulged in till a late hour. Some of those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Sisley, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Brunton and Miss Evans, Mrs. A. E. Rae, Mrs. Farncombe, Dr. and Mrs. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bastedo and Miss Bastedo, Messrs. Gower, Ramsay, Tyller, Heap, A. E. Greenwood, J. Greenwood, J. H. Lloyd, Dr. Campbell, D. Roche, C. H. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe, and Misses Hillary and McLeod, Dr. R. M. Hillary, and Mr. J. W. Willis, of Aurora.

Sir Casimir Gzowski returned from a trip to British Columbia in company with Mr. Van Horne on Wednesday.

Miss Armitage of Fergus has been on a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Street-Macklem, and returned home on Tuesday.

What might have been a serious accident at Upper Canada College games was fortunately not for Mr. Matt Cameron only a bad tumble. In riding at full speed round the bend of the race track this graceful cyclist steered over the edge of the terrace, but happily broke neither bones nor bicycle.

A very cosy afternoon tea was served in Mrs. Dickson's dining-room at the College the day of the games, when Mrs. Jackson poured tea for a pleasant coterie of guests. The Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Walker, Captain and Mrs. Miles, Mrs. Elwood, Mr. Bramstedt and Mrs. Pitt of the Sothern company were among the number. Miss Amy Beatty drove up to the games and made her progress through the ranks of cabs and traps in truly dashing style. Once more has the beastly condition of Avenue road north been unpleasantly impressed upon those whom the Upper Canada College games induced to travel over the slippery and atominably muddy ways thereto.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Muirhead sail on June 13 for Europe.

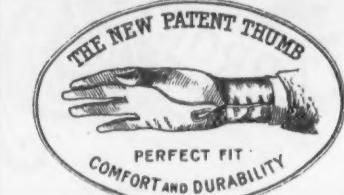
Mrs. A. E. Belcher, who has been for some time under medical care at St. Catharines, has returned with her husband to Southampton after a short stay in Toronto with her sister, Mrs. McKenzie.

Dr. J. H. Stewart and Rev. Isabella Stewart, C.R.D., of 429 Markham street, have just returned from Boston, where they went a fortnight since to view the first church of Christians Scientists being erected there.

Mr. Angus Macdonell, who some weeks ago suffered a severe fall and was badly cut and injured, is now happily on the road to convalescence after a long and painful siege.

Send for our 200-page catalogue, filled with illustrated Wedding Gifts and our prices.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE



The Courvoisier Patent Thumb Glove fits better, wears longer than any other style of cut.

4 and 6 ft. length Chamois Gloves.

Special reduction for this week:

Fancy Cuff Gloves, worth \$1.50, for \$1.

4-bt. Fancy Stitched Bonjour, worth \$1.50, for \$1.

4-bt. Felice Gloves, worth \$1.35, for 75c.

Special line 4-bt. Kid Gloves for 50c.

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The Latest Novelties in Millinery

WM. STITT & CO.

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Lawn Mowers

The Best Makes
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May 26 1894

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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STORE

Glove fits
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LADIES

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In the Open Air.

THE rain setting in Friday night and continuing until Monday night upset a great many out-of-door amusements, its most deplorable effect being the damage done to the Woodbine track. No course in America could withstand the pitiless seventy-two hours of rain that beat down on the Woodbine, and that it was heavy, if not honeycombed, and dangerous by Tuesday morning was but natural. This of course caused the postponement of the races until Thursday, and left the track even then in poor shape.

Referring to the Winnipeg cricket tournament in last issue I spoke as though the sending of an Ontario eleven to take part were a matter still in abeyance. Since then I have been shown a letter from the secretary of the Winnipeg club, saying that he has been formally notified that Ontario will not send an eleven, and expostulating against this decision on the ground that Winnipeg has twice toured Ontario and has not been visited in return. The executive of the Ontario Association must have arrived at this decision very quietly, since newspaper men and active cricketers, alert for news regarding the matter, were unaware that final action had been taken. Did the O. C. A. executive make a scrap of a pen or turn a hand towards getting up an eleven for the Winnipeg tournament? Were the members of the executive committee even notified that Ontario was invited to participate in the tournament and asked for their opinion? If this thing was declared against in an arbitrary way simply because two or three of the foremost cricketers stated their inability to take in the trip, then the pretense that the Ontario Association represents anything might well be abandoned. It might as well take its place among the local clubs—it seems to be merely a local club with a limited list of playing members, (about fifteen) and it arranges matches only when eleven of these are available. If the Association exists merely to arrange fixtures for a certain team of players it is not entitled to the dignity of its name, nor to that support it asks for and fails to get from outlying points. Why it fails to win general respect and support from the body of cricketers in Ontario is made plain by its present performance. Because two or three men cannot go to Winnipeg the province is to be unrepresented. Why, no local club seems to be so dependent upon its one or two best players as is the O. C. A. If it is a libel to say that the organization exists for the benefit of a few selected players, the organization is its own worst libeler. It prevents us holding any more generous view of it. I say without any hesitation that the veto passed by a couple of cricketers killed the project, and that thereafter the idea of sending an eleven to Winnipeg was never seriously considered or investigated. If I am wrong, reparation will be cheerfully made. And if the O. C. A. can justify its existence with its action in this matter, cricketers will be ready to follow with interest the reasoning of its apologist.

The only cricket match perhaps that was played last week was that between Trinity and Parkdale, resulting in the utter defeat of the latter, the score being 150 to 34. The losing side disappointed the spectators in every part of the game. Wadsworth and Fleet bowled well for Trinity, and as for batting, the Collegians as a rule made double figures. The only redeeming feature for Parkdale in the whole event was the pretty innings of Artie Chambers, who made 19. The rain of course prevented the Hamilton-Trinity match on Saturday, as well as the Parkdale-Rosedale, the East Toronto-Upper Canada and many other games. I shall record some good individual performances in next issue, as belonging to the many games played on the Queen's Birthday and to-day.

Captain Chandler of the North End Cricket Club writes me, taking exception to the term applied to his club in this column last week, "Mr. Chandler's seceders." He states that he is the only member of the new club who has withdrawn from another organization, and that no attempt has been made to attract players from existing clubs. I am pleased to make this fact known, and the new club, bringing as it does new players into the field, deserves a cordial welcome.

That seems to have been a peculiar game of cricket at Millbrook on Thursday of last week, home team vs. Cobourg. The visitors made 97 in the first, of which Loosmore, late of Brampton, contributed 43. Millbrook made 83, whereupon Cobourg went to bat a second time and were all disposed of for 9 runs. The same bowlers did the work in each innings—Stephen.

son and Needler. Millbrook made the necessary runs for the loss of two wickets.

Golf is taking quite a boom in Toronto, and competition is quite keen for the Ossler trophy and the Sweny monthly medal, in the East End Club. The final for the medal is to be played June 2.

The district schedules of the Canadian Lacrosse Association have been arranged, and a season of active lacrosse opens in a fortnight.

The cricketing season in England has not opened under the best of circumstances. Rain storms and cold winds have made things unpleasant.... The arrival of an African team has caused considerable interest and much wonderment is expressed as to what sort of a figure the visitors will cut. To play on matting is one thing, to play on grass is another, and the Africans are now hard at work accustoming themselves to the new order of things. The team lacks fast bowlers, and it is many quarters regret is expressed that Henricks had been excluded from the eleven by reason of the colonists' prejudice against him as a colored man..... Cambridge University has unearthed a "demon" in the person of K. S. Ranjitsinhji, young Hindoo, and it is believed he will figure in some of the earlier matches before returning home..... Some extraordinary cricket has been displayed by a Cambridge freshman named Mitchell. In the seven innings in which he has already played he has made seven hundred and eleven runs. He was twice not out, and has the remarkable average of one hundred and forty-two. He hails from St. Peter's, York.

..... The opening match at Lords was between the M.C.C. and Sussex, when the county team were defeated by an innings and two runs after only four hours' play. Stoddart made forty-four for the M.C.C., but the "Great W.G." was out with a "duck" on the third ball.....

The M.C.C. committee have decided that matches played by Derbyshire, Warwickshire, Essex and Leicestershire shall in future be regarded as first-class matches.

Judge—What excuse had you to break the complainant's head?

Prisoner—Force of circumstances, sir. He would not hand over his watch without it.—*Rome II Folksheet*.

Teacher—Who was the first man?

Fritz—Charles the Great, sir.

Teacher—No! Adam.

Fritz—Ach! I didn't know you meant a foreigner.—*Berlin Wespen*.

Emily—I am so unhappy. I begin to see that Arthur married me for my money.

Emily's Dearest Friend—Well, you have the comfort of knowing he is not as simple as he looks.—*Vienna Caricaturen*.

L'Enfant Terrible—Have you got another face?

Mrs. Homeleigh—No, dear; why do you ask? L'Enfant Terrible—Mamma said you are two-faced; but I thought if you had another one, you wouldn't wear that one.—*London Tit Bits*.



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are perfectly CLEANABLE in all parts.

This is an important and distinctive feature possessed by no other make, the value of which cannot well be overestimated.

They possess besides many other points of superiority, their whole construction and finish being the finest that skill and money can produce.

Their price is lower than any other first-class refrigerator in the market.

McDonald & Willson
187 Yonge Street

"Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!"

JUNE WEDDINGS

Messrs James Bain & Son, Society Stationers, beg to announce that they make a specialty of Wedding Invitations, engraved or printed in the latest "correct" styles.

They use the very best stock in paper and envelopes and guarantee good work. Samples and quotations will be gladly given to customers out of the city.

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Fresh Fish

Is now cheaper than it has been for years. Our selection includes Salmon, Halibut, Cod, Haddock, White Fish, Salmon Trout, etc. We import direct and have every facility for handling it properly. Pineapples cheap now.

Ryrie Bros.
Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Sts.

We invite correspondence with any who are interested in such matters.



S. W. COR. YONGE AND QUEEN

BUILDING SALE

MAKE your way to the Flannels and Woollens and see an unusual purchase of Flannellettes, ticketed at 6c, that will cost you 10c anywhere else. Likewise in Flannellettes another large lot, ticketed 7½c, that are being sold everywhere at 12½c. We have never made before so striking a purchase in goods of this kind.

We have been telling you of some of the values in Hosiery stocks. In the same department will be found Ladies' Undervests, prices for which are very special

A Ribbed Vest, full size, 6c.

Jersey Knit Vest, 9c.

Extra Fine Satin Ribbed Vest, 15c.

Ribbed Balbriggan Vest, lace insertion front, 30c, regular price 40c.

Fancy Front Vests, 25c.

Plain Satin and Jersey Vests, 45c.

White Swiss Vests, Fancy in front, 35c, regular price 50c.

Misses and Children's Vests, in large variety, at all prices.

WALLPAPERS

A stock in sizes, assortments, newness and prettiness in patterns that astonishes everyone. Prices start at 3c. Handmade papers at 7c, and 8c; gilt papers at 10c.

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Entrance Yonge Street.
Streets, Toronto.
New Annex 170 Yonge Street.
Stores Nos. 170, 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 8 Queen Street West.

Dressed

In one of our stylish and serviceable Navy Blue Serge or Tweed Costumes for boating or traveling.

Price \$5.90 and \$10.

H. A. STONE & CO.

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Millinery and Dressmaking Parlors

We have now on view at our rooms a beautiful assortment of French and American pattern bonnets and the latest novelties in millinery. We cordially invite your inspection.

MISS M. A. ARMSTRONG

41 King Street West

MISS PATON

is now prepared to offer her friends and patrons artistic, fashionable Parisian Dinner and Evening Dresses at her Fashionable Dressmaking Parlors at

R. WALKER & SONS, 33 to 43 King St. East

No. 10 Washington Avenue

Six Doors East of Spadina Avenue

Dressmaking...

MISS M. E. LAKEY, formerly of 80 Gerrard Street East, begs to announce to her numerous customers that she has removed her dressmaking establishment to the above address.

Latest English, French and American styles. Mourning orders promptly attended to. Evening Dresses and Trousseaux a specialty.

MISS MILLIS...

Can supply the very latest styles in smart Visiting Gowns and Outing Costumes.

3 King Street East First floor.

High-Class Millinery

Always on hand, and the ladies can rely on the very latest styles.

MISS PAYNTER . . .

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Dress and Mantle Maker

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PARLORS, 240 Yonge Street, up-stairs. World's Fair premium tailor system taught. Class opens 8 p.m. Friday evening, May 8.

HOTEL LOUISE

LORNE PARK

OPENS MAY 24th

Special rates for Japse.

MONREITH HOUSE

TORONTO ISLAND

Opens June 1st

For summer guests, ladies and gentlemen, or families

Under new management. Address—

MRS. M. E. ALLEN, 45 Queen St. East, Toronto.

Island Milk Delivery

We deliver milk on the Island. Leave your order early!

KENSINGTON DAIRY, 458½ YONGE ST.

JUST SOUTH OF BLOOR.

Agent for Galt Cream.

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WE SHOW AN IMMENSE ASSORTMENT OF Household Napery which fully sustains the reputation which we have held for these goods during the past thirty years. Linen Damask Tablecloths (slightly imperfect) 4 to 6 yards long, 33½ per cent. below regular prices, Linen, Huck and Diaper Towels, Linen Damask Tablecloths, Napkins, Doilies and Slips, Linen and Cotton Sheetings and Tambour Lace Curtains, Eiderdown Quilts, Pillows and Tea Cosies, Bath Towels, Blankets and Robes.

AT REDUCED PRICES

Through our letter order department you can depend on receiving the same attention as if your order was given personally.

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Toronto's Four Hundred

Many persons are not aware of the extent to which Dyeing and Renewing of Garments is practiced by the best families in our cities. Dresses which pass for new and stylish are frequently old ones fresh from the hands of the Dyer. With Ladies' clothing the style is now such that by taking one dress and having it Dyed to a bright, fresh shade, with the addition of another color or material, an entirely new garment may be produced.

Our pamphlet gives a lot of useful information on Dyeing and Cleaning.

R. PARKER & CO.

Steam Dyers and Cleaners

BE SURE and send your parcels to Parker's. Telephones 3037, 2143, 1004 and 3640. They will be done right if done at PARKER'S.

Dress Patterns or Costume Lengths

Which originally ranged from 6 to \$14 each, and are now REDUCED to \$3.50. They are all very stylish and desirable goods, and are GENUINE BARGAINS. They include Tweeds, Fancy Mixtures, etc., etc., in a large variety of designs and colorings.

PART XX.

The People of the Mist

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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CHAPTER XL.—CONTINUED.

Two days later Leonard Outram took Joanna Rodd to wife, "to have and to hold, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death did them part," and their rescuer, Sydney Wallace, who by now had become their fast friend, gave her away.

Very curious were the memories that passed through Joanna's mind as she stood by her husband's side in the little grass-roofed chapel of Blantyre, for it was not the third time that she had been married, and now only of hero who free will? She bethought herself of the wild scene in the slave camp, of Francisco, who died to save her, and of the blessing which he had called down then upon her and the very man of that other scene in the stock prison, when, to protect Leonard's wife, she was wed according to the custom of the Children of the Mist to that true-hearted gentleman and savage, Ofan, their king; and then awoke with a happy sigh to know that the lover at her side could never be taken from her again until death claimed him.

"We shall be very poor, Leonard," she said to him afterwards; "it would have been much better for you, dear, if I had fallen into the gulf instead of the rubies."

"I am not of your opinion, love," he answered with a smile, for he was very happy. "Hand the rubies! Your price is far above rubies, and no man may struggle against fate. I have always been able to make a living for myself heretofore, and I do not doubt that I shall continue to do so for both of us, and we will leave the rest to Providence. You are more to me, Joanna, than any wealth—even more than Outram."

That evening Mr. Wallace found Otter gazing disconsolately at the little house in which Leonard and Joanna were staying.

"Are you sad because your master is married, Otter?" he asked.

"No," answered the dwarf, "I am glad. For months he has been running after her and dreaming of her, and now at last he has got her. And he will have time to think about other people who love him quite as well."

Another month or so went by while the party journeyed in easy stages towards the coast, and never had wedded lovers a happier honey-moon, or a more unconventional one, than that passed by Leonard and Joanna, though perhaps Mr. Wallace and Otter did not find the contemplation of their raptures a very exhilarating occupation.

At last they reached Quillimane in safety and pitched their camp on some rising ground without the settlement, which is unhealthy. Next morning at daybreak Mr. Wallace started to the postoffice, where he expected to find letters. Leonard and Joanna did not accompany him, but went for a walk before the sun grew hot. Then it was as they walked that a certain fact came home to them, namely, that they could not avail themselves of their host's kindness any longer, and, further, that they were quite penniless. When one is moving slowly across the vast African wilds and living on the abounding game, love and kisses seem an ample provision for all wants. But the master strikes the mind in a different light after the trip is done and civilization and its necessities loom large in the immediate future.

"What are we to do, Joanna?" asked Leonard in dismay. "We have no money to enable us to get to Aden or anywhere, and no credit on which to draw."

"I suppose that we must sell the great ruby," she answered with a sigh, "though I shall be sorry to part with it."

"Nobody will buy such a stone here, Joanna, and it may not be a real ruby after all. Perhaps Wallace might be willing to advance me a trifling on it, though I hate having to ask him." Then they went back to breakfast, which was not altogether a cheerful meal. As they were finishing, Mr. Wallace returned from the town.

"I have got good news," he said; "the British India mail will be in two days, so I shall pay off my men and go up to Aden too, and so home. Of course you will come too, for, like me, I expect you have had enough of Africa for one go. Here are some copies of the weekly edition of the *Times*; look through them, Mrs. Outram, and see the news while I read my letters."

Leonard turned aside moodily and lit his pipe. How was he to find money to take even a third-class passage on the British India mail? But Joanna, obeying the instinct that prompts a woman to keep appearances at all hazards, took one of the towels and opened it, though tears which swam in her eyes would scarcely suffer her to see the print. Thus things went on for ten minutes or more, as she idly turned the pages of two or three issues of the *Weekly Times*, trying to collect her thoughts and pick up the thread of current events. But it is wonderful how uninteresting and far away those events appear after one has been living a life to oneself for a year or so, and Joanna, preoccupied as she was with her own thoughts, was about to give up the attempt as a failure when the name of Outram started to her eyes.

A minute later her two companions heard a sharp exclamation and turned round.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Outram?" said Wallace. "Has France declared war against Germany, or is Mr. Gladstone dead?"

"Oh! no, something much more important than that. Listen to this advertisement, Leonard."

"If Leonard Outram, second son of Sir Thomas Outram, Bart., late of Outram Hall, who was last born in the territory to the north of Delagoa Bay, Eastern Africa, or, in the event of his death, his lawful heirs, will communicate with the undersigned, he or they will hear of something very greatly to their advantage. Thomson & Turner, 2 Albert Court, London, E.C."

"Are you joking, Joanna?" said Leonard.

"Look for yourself," she answered.

He took the paper and read and re-read the notice.

"Well, there is one thing certain," he said, "that no one ever stood in greater need of hearing something to his advantage than I do at this moment, for excepting the ruby, which may not be a true stone, we haven't a stiver to bless ourselves with in the world. Indeed, I don't know how I am to avail myself of Messrs. Thomson & Turner's kind invitation unless I write them a letter and go to live in a Kaffir Court, London, E.C."

"Don't let that trouble you, my dear fellow," said Wallace; "I can get plenty of tin here, and it is very much at your service."

"I intended to take further advantage of your kindness," answered Leonard, flushing. "This advertisement may mean nothing, perhaps a legacy of fifty pounds, though I am sure I don't know who would leave me even that sum. And then, how should I repay you?"

"Suff," said Wallace.

"Well," replied Leonard, "beggars must put their pride in their pockets. If you will lend me a couple of hundred pounds and take the ruby in pledge, I shall be even more grateful to you than I am at present, and that is saying a good deal."

On this basis the matter was ultimately arranged, though within half an hour Wallace handed back the great stone into Joanna's keeping, bidding her keep it dark, an injunction which she obeyed in every sense of the word, for she hid it where once the poison had lain—in her heart.

Two busy days went by, and on the morning of the third a messenger came running from the town to announce that the northward

mail was in sight. Then it was that Otter, who all this while had said nothing, advanced solemnly toward Leonard and Joanna, with his hand on his chest.

"What is the matter, Otter?" asked Leonard, who was engrossed in helping Wallace to pack his hunting trophies. "Nothing, Baas. I have come to say goodbye to you and the Shepherdess, that is all. I wish to go now before I see the steam-fish carry you away."

"Go!" said Leonard; "you wish to go?"

"Because I am an ugly, old black dog, Baas, and can be of no further use to you out yonder," and he nodded toward the sea.

"I suppose you mean that you do not want to leave Africa even for a while," said Leonard, with ill-concealed grief and vexation. "Well, it is hard to part with you like this. Also," he added, with a little laugh, "it is awkward, for I owe you more than a year's wages and have not the money to spare to pay you. Moreover, I had taken your passage on the ship."

"What does the Baas say?" asked Otter slowly; "that he has bought me a place in the steam-fish?"

"Indeed!" said Leonard.

"Shortly afterward," went on the lawyer, "Mr. Cohen, or rather Sir Jonas Cohen, succeeded to the estate on the death of his father. Two years ago he died, leaving all his property and personal, to his only child, a daughter named Jane, with reversion to his widow in fee simple. Within a month of his death the child Jane died also, and nine months later her mother, Lady Cohen, nee Jane Beach, followed him to the grave."

"Yes," said Leonard in a dull voice, and hiding his face in his hands: "go on, sir."

Lady Cohen made a somewhat peculiar will. Under the terms of that will she bequeaths the mansion-house and estates of Ostram, together with most of her personal property, amounting in all to something over a hundred thousand pounds, to her old friend, Leonard Outram, and the heirs of his body, with reversion to her brother. This will has not been disputed; therefore, if you are Mr. Leonard Outram, I may congratulate you upon being once more the owner of your ancestral estate, and a considerable fortune in cash."

For a while Leonard was too agitated to speak.

"I will prove to you," he said at last "that I am this person—that is, I will prove it prima facie; afterwards you can satisfy yourself of the truth of my statements by the usual methods." And he proceeded to adduce a variety of evidence as to his identity, which need not be set out here. The lawyer listened in silence, taking a note from time to time.

"I think," he said when Leonard had finished, "that, subject to those enquiries of which you yourself have pointed out the necessity in so grave a matter, I may accept it as proved that you are none other than Mr. Leonard Outram, and rather than add corrected himself, "it is, as I understand, your elder brother, Thomas, is dead; then Sir Leonard Outram."

Leonard turned away to hide the tears which started to his eyes, for the dwarf's fidelity touched him more than he cared to show, and seeing his reason, Joanna took up the conversation to cover his confusion.

"I fear that you will find it cold over there, Otter," she said. "It is a land of fog, they tell me, and there are noise of your own people, no wives or Kaffir beer. Also, we may be poor and have to live hardly."

"Of fog I have seen something yonder, Shepherdess," answered the dwarf; "and yet I was cold in the fog, because I was near the Baas. Of hard living I have seen something also, and still I was happy, because I was near the Baas. Once I had a wife and beer in plenty, more than a man could want, and then I was unhappy, because they estranged me from the Baas, and he knew that I had ceased to be Otter, his servant whom he trusted, and had become a beast. Therefore, Shepherdess, I would see no more of wives and beer."

"Otter, you idiot!" broke in Leonard brusquely, "you had better stop talking and get something to eat, for it will be the last meal that you will wish to see for many a day."

"Otter is right," replied the dwarf; "moreover, I am hungry, for sorrow has kept me from eating for these two days. Now I will fill myself full that I may have something to offer to the Black Water when he shakes me in his anger."

ENVOI.

THE END OF THE ADVENTURE.

Six weeks or so had passed when a four-wheeled cab drew up at the door of 2 Albert court, London, E.C.

The progress of this cab had excited some remark among the more youthful and lighter-minded denizens of the city, for on its box, arrayed in an ill-fitting suit of dittoes and a brown hat some sizes too small for him, sat a most peculiar object, whose coal-black countenance, dwarfed frame and enormous nose and shoulders attracted their ribald observation.

"Look at him, Bill," said one youth to an acquaintance, "he's escaped from Madame Tussaud's, he has. Painted himself over with Day & Martin's best and bought a second-hand hand-glass."

Just then his remarks were cut short, for Otter, having been made to understand by the driver that they had arrived at their destination, descended from the box in a manner so original that it is probably peculiar to the aborigines of Central Africa, and frightened him away.

From the inside of the cab emerged Leonard and Joanna, looking very much the better for their sea journey. Indeed, having recovered her health and spirits, and being very neatly dressed in a gray frock, with a wide black hat trimmed with ostrich feathers, Joanna looked what she was, a very lovely woman. Entering an outer office Leonard asked if Messrs. Thomson & Turner were to be seen.

"My brother Thomas died on the first of May—this day year," said Leonard.

"After that all trace of you was lost, but I still kept on advertising, for missing people have a wonderful way of turning up to claim fortunes, and you see the result. Here is the letter, Sir Leonard."

Leonard took the document and looked at it, while strange feelings crowded his mind. This was the first letter that he had ever received from Jane Beach, also it was the last that he ever could receive.

"Before I open this, Mr. Turner," he said. "I may as well ask you, for my own satisfaction, to compare the handwriting of the address with another specimen of it that chances to be in my possession," and he produced the worn prayer-book from his pocket—Jane's parting gift—and opening at the leaf, pointed out the inscription to the lawyer, placing the envelope beside it.

Mr. Turner took a reading-glass and examined the handwriting and the other.

"These words appear to have been written by the same hand," he said presently. "Lady Cohen's writing was peculiar, and it is difficult to be mistaken on the point, though I am no expert. To free you from responsibility, with your consent I myself will open this letter."

And so the boy took the envelope at the top with an ivory paper-knife, and drawing out its contents handed them to Leonard. They ran thus:

"My dearest Leonard—For so I, who am no longer a wife, may call you without shame, seeing that you are, in truth, the dearest to my heart, whether you be still living, or dead like my husband and my child.

"The will which I am going to sign to-morrow will prove to you, if you are yet alive, as I believe to be the case, how deep is my anxiety that you should re-enter into possession of the ancestral home of which fortune has deprived you. It is with the greatest pleasure that I make you this bequest, and I can do so with a clear conscience, for my late husband has left everything at my absolute disposal—being himself without near relatives—in the sad event which has occurred, of the death of his daughter our only child.

"The will which I am going to sign to-morrow will prove to you, if you are yet alive, as I believe to be the case, how deep is my anxiety that you should re-enter into possession of the ancestral home of which fortune has deprived you. It is with the greatest pleasure that I make you this bequest, and I can do so with a clear conscience, for my late husband has left everything at my absolute disposal—being himself without near relatives—in the sad event which has occurred, of the death of his daughter our only child.

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May 26, 1894

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

5

At Her Beck and Call.

"What is your name?" I asked.
"Phooli-jan, Huzoor," she answered, with a brilliant, dazzling smile.

I sat looking at her, wondering if a more appropriate name could not have been found for that figure among the anemones and celandines—the primulas, pansies and pinks—the thousand and one blossoms which, glowing against their ground-work of forget-me-nots, formed a jewel mosaic right to the foot of the snows above us. Flowerful life! Truly that was hers. She had a great bunch of scarlet rhododendron stuck behind her ear, matching the cloth cap perched jauntily on her head, and as she sat herding her buffaloes on the upland, she had threaded chaplet on chaplet of ox-eyed daisies, and hung them about her wherever they could be hung. The result was distinctly flowerful; her face, also distinctly pretty, distinctly clear for a Kashmiri girl's. But coquetry, flirt, mix, was written in every line of it, and accounted for a most unusual neatness and brightness.

She caught my eye and smiled again, broadly, innocently.

"The Huzoor would like to paint my picture, wouldn't he?" she went on, in a tone of certainty. "The Sahib who came last year gave me five rupees. I will take six this year. Food is dear and those base-born contractors of the Maharajah seize everything—one walnut in ten, one chicken in ten."

But I was not going to be beguiled into the old complaints I could hear any and every day from the hags in the village. Up here on the *murg*, within a stone's throw of the first patch of snow picketing the outskirts of the great glacier of Gwashbrar, I liked, if possible, to forget how vile man could be in the little shingle huts clustering below by the river. I will not describe the place. To begin with, it defies description, and next, could I even hint at its surpassing beauty, the globe-trotter would come and defile it. It is sufficient to say that a *murg* is an upland meadow or alp, and that this one, with its forget-me-nots and sparkling glaciers, was like a turquoise set in diamonds. I had seated myself on a projecting spur, whence I could sketch a frowning defile northwards, down which the emerald-green river was dashing madly among huge rocks crowned by pine-trees.

"I will give five rupees also; that is plenty," I remarked suavely, and Phooli-jan smiled again.

"It must do, for I like being painted. Only a few Sahibs come, very few; but whenever they see me they want to paint me and the flowers, and it makes the other girls in the village angry. Then Goloo and Chuchchu—" Here she went off into a perfect cascade of smiles, and began to pull the eyelashes off the daisies deliberately. There seems a peculiar temptation for cruelty towards flowers in girlhood all over the world, and Phooli-jan was pre-eminently girlish. She looked eighteen, but I doubt if she was really more than sixteen. Even so, it was odd to find her unapproached, so I enquired if Goloo or Chuchchu was the happy man.

"My mother is a widow," she replied, without the least hesitation. "It depends which pay the most, for we are poor. There are others, too, so there is no hurry. They are at my beck and call."

She crooked her forefinger and nodded her head as if beckoning to someone. For sheer light-hearted, innocent enjoyment of her own attraction I never saw the equal of that face. I should have made my fortune if I could have painted it there in the blazing sunlight, framed in flowers; but it was too much for me. Therefore, I asked her to move to the right, farther along the promontory, so that I could put her in the foreground of a picture I had already begun.

"There, by that first clump of iris," I said, pointing to a patch of green sword-leaves, where the white and lilac blossoms were beginning to show.

She gave a perceptible shudder.

"What? Sit on a grave! Not I. Does not the Huzoor know that those are graves? It is true. All our people are buried here. We plant the iris over them always. If you ask why, I know not. It is the flower of death."

A sudden determination to paint her, the Flowerful Life against the Flowerful Death, completely obliterated the knowledge of my own incompetence; but I urged and bribed in vain. Phooli-jan would not stir. She would not even let me pick a handful of the flowers for her to hold. It was unlucky; besides, one never knew what one might find in the thicket of leaves—bones and horrid things. Had I never heard that dead people got tired of their graves and tried to get out, or even if they only wanted something in their great graves they would stretch forth a hand to get it? That was one reason why people covered them up with flowers—just to make them more contented.

The idea of stooping to pull a flower and shaking hands with a corpse was distinctly unpleasant, even in the sunlight, so I gave up the point and began to sketch the girl as she sat. Rather a difficult task, for she chattered incessantly. Did I see that thin blue thread of smoke in the dark pall of pine-trees covering the bottom of the valley? That was Goloo's fire. He was drying orris root for the Maharajah. There, on the opposite *murg*, where the buffaloes shone dark among the flowers, was Chuchchu's hut. Undoubtedly, Chuchchu was the richer, but Goloo could climb like an ibex. It was he whom the Huzoor was going to take as a guide to the peak. He could dance, too. The Huzoor should see him dance the circle dance round the fire—no one turned so slowly as Goloo. He would not frighten a young lamb, except when he was angry—well, jealous, if the Huzoor thought that were better.

By the time she had done chattering there was not a petal left on the ox-eyed daisies, and I was divided between pity and envy towards Goloo and Chuchchu.

That evening, as usual, I set my painting to dry on the easel at the door of the tent. As I lounged by the camp fire, smoking my pipe, a big young man, coming in with a jar of buffalo milk on his shoulder and a big bunch of red rhododendron behind his ear, stopped and grinned at my caricature of Phooli-jan. Five minutes after, down by the servants' encamp-

Public Benefactors.



Sammy—Was money der root ohf all esfi, fader?
Isaacstein—Yes! Sam; so you must dry und do all de good you can in life by gedding it away
frum people.—Judge.

ment, I heard a free fight going on, and strolled over to see what was the matter. After the manner of Kashmire quarrels, it had ended almost as it began; for the race love peace. That it had so ended was not, however, I saw at a glance, the fault of the smaller of the antagonists, who was being forcibly held back by my *shikari*.

"Chuchchu, that man there, wanted to charge Goloo, this man here, the same price for milk as he does your honor," explained the *shikari* elaborately. "That was extortianate, even though Goloo, being the Huzoor's guide for to-morrow, may be said to be your honor's servant for the time. I have settled the matter justly. The Huzoor need not give thought to it."

I looked at the two recipients of Phooli-jan's favor with interest—for that the bunches of red rhododendron they both wore were her gift I did not doubt. They were both fine young men, but Goloo distinctly the better-looking of the two, if a trifle sinister.

Despite the recommendation of my *shikari* to cast thought aside, the incident lingered in my memory, and I mentioned it to Phooli-jan when, on returning to finish my sketch, I found her waiting for me among the flowers. Her smile was more brilliant than ever.

"They will not hurt each other," she said. "Chuchchu knows that Goloo is more active, and Goloo knows that Chuchchu is stronger. It is like the dogs in our village."

"I was not thinking of them," I replied. "I was thinking of you. Supposing they were to quarrel with you?"

She laughed. They will not quarrel. In summer-time there are plenty of flowers for everybody."

I thought of those red rhododendrons, and could not repress a smile at her bare-faced wisdom of the serpent.

"And in the winter time?"

"Then I will marry one of them, or someone. I have only to choose. That is all. They are at my beck and call."

Three years passed before recurring leave enabled me to pay another visit to the *murg*. The rhododendrons were once more out on the uplands, and as I turned the last corner of the pine-set path which threaded its way through the defile, I saw the meadow before me, with its mosaic of flowers bright as ever. The memory of Phooli-jan came back to me as she had sat in the sunshine nodding and beckoning.

"Phooli-jan!" echoed the old patriarch who came out to welcome me as I crossed the plank bridge to the village. "Phooli-jan, the herd-girl! Huzoor, she is dead; she died from picking flowers. A vain thing. It was at the turn beyond the *murg*, Huzoor, half-way between Chuchchu's hut and Goloo's drying stage. There is a big rhododendron tree hanging over the cliff, and she fell down. It must be three years gone."

Three years; then it must have happened almost immediately after I left the valley. The idea upset me; I knew not why. It seemed to dim the sunshine. The *murg* without that Flowerful Life nodding and beckoning felt empty. I was glad that I had arranged not to remain there for the night, but to push on to another meadow, some six miles farther up the river. To do so, however, I required a fresh relay of coolies, and while my *shikari* was ar-

ranging for this in the village I made my way by a cross-cut to the promontory, with its patches of iris.

Deaths are rare in these small communities, and there were but two or three new graves—all but one too recent to be poor Phooli-jan's. That, then, must be hers, with its still clearly defined oblong of iris, already a mass of pale purple and white.

I sat down on a rock and began, unromantically, to eat my lunch, finishing up with a pull at my flask, and thus providentially fortified, I stood, ere leaving, to pick one or two of the blossoms from the grave, intending to paint them round the sketch of the girl's head which I had with me.

Great Heavens! what was that?

I turned positively sick with horror and dread. Was it a hand? It was some time before I could force myself to set aside the sheathing leaves and settle the point. Something it was—something which, even as I parted the stems, fell to pieces, as the skeleton of a beckoning hand might have done. I did not stay to see more; I let the flowers close in over it—whatever it was—and made my way back to the village. My baggage, having changed shoulders, was streaming out over the plank bridge again, and in the two first bearers, carrying my cook room pots and pans, I recognized Goloo and Chuchchu. They had both grown stouter, and wore huge bunches of red rhododendron behind their ears. I found out, on enquiry, that they were both married and had become bosom friends.

I havent seen the turquoise set in diamonds since, but I often think of it, and wonder what it was I saw among the iris. And then I seem to see Phooli-jan sitting among the flowers, nodding her head and saying, "They are at my beck and call."

If I were Goloo or Chuchchu, I would be buried somewhere else.—*Flora Annie Steele in The Sketch.*

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Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every physiographical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphiolography studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own end and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupon are not studied.

Russ—This writing is quite too immature for delineation. With more directness, and less tendency to flourishes, together with the discipline of experience, it will be fine.

Quill Driver—Your writing shows marked energy and purpose and excellent force of will; a truthful, candid and somewhat outspoken nature, some carelessness of details, fine sympathy but not generosity. I am afraid you'll be a stern judge, and rather a bitter enemy; refinement and ability are shown, with slight impatience, some *peccant* for the opposite sex, and a healthy sense of humor.

Yr Old Maide—I think your writing is awful, but you seem to have had a shockingly bad pen and watery ink. The address was nearly indecipherable from fading. You ask are you proud, variable, or sentimental? There is no sign of pride; you have facility in plausy. You should be extremely constant. I think you are not in the least sensual, rather impudent and brazen. You are also frank and seemingly truthful and independent.

MAGAULAY—I. A very affectionate, womanly and idealistic

Intemperance.

II.



Here we have two studies in Intemperance. The first is the familiar type—the type preached against and legislated against, and truly he is in sad need of reformation. The second is a type of Intemperance seldom referred to, but quite as prevalent as the other. This man gorges at his meals, and our artist shows him reading the paper and glaring like a wild animal, because some person dares to disagree with his opinions. Type I has intemperance of the stomach; Type II has intemperance of the brain, heart and blood. The former in his insanity sometimes kills a fellow creature; the latter oppresses and bullies his fellows, coerces public sentiment, hounds the sensitive, and causes more tears to be split than the former.



II.

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BETWEEN OF IMITATIONS

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL, SOLE MANUFACTURERS

character, with lots of imagination, bright and vivacious mind and manner, much conversational ability, honesty and a nature averse to all double-dealing and deceit. I think you are a little impatient with slower people, and a little apt to dislike very logical, practical and master-of-fact folks. 2. I think, without doubt, the best authority on the subject Professor Clark of Trinity College. Professor Goldwin Smith is universally held up as an authority. His mode of expression is quite perfection.

ONE OF THE CLAN.—If you are really a man I'm surprised. Your writing shows refinement, impulse, good temper and a certain facile and attractive manner. You are a rather unreliable person as to moods, full of sympathy and with much love of the beautiful; bright and vivacious and an adept at humbug. Now for your questions. How long do I spend at this work? About three hours every week. Have I many serious studies? Not so many as I should like. I would rather spend half an hour over a good difficult study than do half a dozen in that time. I believe the study you refer to was in last week's column. I know I've done it recently; it was charming.

M. V. L. W.—Your writing is quite crude and formal, but it is strongly marked with ambition, lacking force to realize it; selfishness is also shown, with admirable self-preservation, an unimaginative mind, some love of beauty and very good reasoning powers. You will probably develop cleverness in some particular line. You do not love perfection as you should, nor strive for it in your work. Your mind is not yet emancipated from the narrow way of formalism. You don't think independently, nor yet deeply as you might. At the same time you are honest and innocent of any duplicity, though rather discreet in speech. Cultivate yourself; I think you are well worth it.

CONSECRATION.—The main regret would doubtless be that your mind had not been trained to study. The greatest good we get from schooling is not the mastery of facts and dates and rules, but the training of the mind and weak points of a subject. What seems want of interest in them is real incapacity. Reading is not studying. Some of the most inveterate readers are perfectly void of ideas. 2. You are idealistic, honorable, generally disinterested, slightly erratic in thought and judgment, careful and kindly, even temperamental and amiable disposition. I think you have something worth many accomplishments—good common sense.

PAT.—I hope it's not too late for the cake, my dear. Thank you greatly for liking me, though I don't know who you are. I appreciate liking from everyone. I have tried to remember about the master you mention, but it has escaped me. I quite remember the letter, however, and would like to send you again, especially as your news is so bright. Don't have any more cloudy times if you can help it. 2. Your writing shows much sweetness of disposition and rather a faculty for making the best of everything, a good deal of discretion, some artistic taste, a good sensible method, a reasonable amount of ambition and a very sunny and hopeful turn of mind, good sense of humor, and quite a talent for planning and management. He who gets you should be well taken care of, my lady.

CHARLES.—Thanks for your kind wishes. You are an honest and truthful person, apt to be a faithful friend and not prone to change your affections lightly. They are rather warm and like yourself, worth having. You lack all idea of fitness, and are apt to believe people true because you are true yourself. You are very socially inclined.

CHARLIE, dear!

Lulu—Yes, indeed! Whenever another man kisses me I try to think it's Charlie who's kissing me. Pick-me-up.



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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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Our New Story.

On page seven of this issue we give the first instalment of our new story, *A Legend of Elk River*, by Tobe Hodge. In presenting the story we think we shall please the rapidly increasing number of our story readers, for the tale is not only interesting and quaint, but it is illustrated throughout by A. B. Frost, the great painter of hunting pictures. Some of the illustrations, when the story gets exciting, are not only in the highest style of art, but are three columns in size, larger and more numerous than we have ever used in illustrating stories. It is a new venture and a very expensive one, but we are determined to make SATURDAY NIGHT sought after everywhere. Haggard's story ends this week, and hereafter *A Legend of Elk River* will be found on page four. This is a short story. It will only run seven weeks. Read it.

The Drama.

THIS may be accounted the most brilliant week of the season theatrically. Although there has not been the rush that marked Irving's visit, this may be explained in a large degree by the fact that Willard is here for the full week, while Irving only spent three nights here. Probably the box office at the Grand has not had a bigger week's business than this all season. Willard has won Torontonians over by his talent. When he came before he was comparatively unknown and was modestly announced. The man with two sets of ribs at the Musee secured more advance notices than did the great actor. The latter seemed to depend upon his art and the English reputation it had won him, but his fame had not penetrated Canada to any extent. Before he went away he was valued at his true worth, and now he is placed on pedestal along with Irving—even said by many passable judges to excel him in many respects. In a certain introspective style of acting, in which he reveals the mental emotions of the character he portrays, I have seen no one to equal Willard. Talk as people will about Irving being a manipulator of effects, still he would be a great actor without the aid of a single modern accessory. I feel this, while saying that Willard, in such a play as *Judah*—which has impressed me as his greatest performance—cannot be excelled by even Irving. Every man who has a conscience must have often provoked it, and therefore the wonderful truth with which the self-accusation of the great clergyman is portrayed, with small call for spoken words, must impress every beholder. In the different plays presented here this week the actor has put forth his genius, for the various parts suit him.

Several times since Willard's last visit clergymen have preached against theaters, and on nearly every occasion newspaper men in answering back have instanced Willard as one whose performances are elevating, as one who invariably leaves his auditors ennobled. I have used his name in this connection. Monday morning the Methodist ministers discussed the theater question again, and at least one minister preached against the playhouse the evening before. One might almost suppose that the approach of an actor, unobjectionable from every standpoint, had stirred up the clergy as the coming of numerous very objectionable actors had not done. Now that Willard is here I repeat the challenge to the ministers. Let them see and hear the actor who is at the Grand this week; let them attend the performance this afternoon or to night, and say nothing about it for a week. At the end of that time the theater-going people of this town will turn out to hear the conclusions arrived at by any such preacher. The Professor's Love Story, which is running at the close of the week, is not so highly charged with moral import as Mr. Willard's plays usually are, but it is a comedy by James Barrie, a brightly human piece, with a gentle, lovable Professor in it, and its whole influence is charming and good. I was pleased to see it stated in one paper that the ministers seemed on the whole to favor some sort of a modification of the Methodist stand against cards, dancing and theater going. One can hardly credit the report, but until it is denied let us believe it if we can. These rules are man-made, were not even made by Wesley, so therefore let us hail the promise that something hereafter shall be left to the discrimination of the converted and saved man, and that his security shall not be made to depend upon the balls and chains fastened to him.

Peck's Bad Boy, with his mischief and his rough practical jokes, has been amusing the patrons of Jacobs & Sparrow's all week. Nothing further requires to be said of the piece, as it is well known here.

Mrs. Mountford has been lecturing at the Pavilion to large audiences for the greater part of the week in behalf of Grace Hospital. Her entertainment is most delightful, her talk about the places made immortal by the Messiah having a power and charm such as the subject has never been invested with before in this town. The accessories of scene and costume of course assist greatly in producing the result.

Next week Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House will be dark and the week of June 4 will bring the closing engagement of the season.

Just whether there will be the usual open air free performances at Hanlan's Point this summer seems to depend upon the matter of boats. Manager Connor states that his company is not disposed to lay out money for these expensive performances if everyone who can get hold of a small tug is to be allowed to go into the ferry business. That the proposal to give small boats the privilege of carrying passengers is a retrograde step and one involving much danger to life, is generally agreed. The big ferries that now ply to and from the Island during the summer months are a credit to the city. It is to be hoped that Manager Connor and his acrobats will continue to enliven Hanlan's Point.

Hon. J. M. Gibson.

An accomplished scholar as to academic and literary attainments, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. John Morrison Gibson, M.P.P., has made an admirable member of the Mowat Administration since his acceptance of the portfolio of Provincial Secretary.

Mr. Gibson is well qualified for public life. Though not a seductive or entrancing speaker, he has the rare gift of uttering in public places speeches which when reported *verbatim* become more attractive when read. Of our public men to-day less than a score can stand being reported literally, but among these the Ambitious City's representative in the Legislature is conspicuous.

Long before entering the Ministry he had acquired a prominent position in the House. It may be said of him now that Sir Oliver Mowat has no colleague upon whose judgment he can more safely depend.

An able man, gifted in high degree with those qualities of head, heart and temper which render his administration of departmental matters acceptable to those who are personally affected by its results, than he there probably is no minister or private member of the Legislature who enjoys a larger share of the esteem and respect of both parties.

He is the only son of the late William Gibson, who came to this country in 1827 from Glamis, Forfarshire, Scotland, and shortly after his arrival married Mary Sinclair, whose family resided in Nelson Township, in the County of Halton. William Gibson was a farmer, and died when his son John was only three years old.

The late Daniel Gibson, who represented North York in the old Parliament of Canada, was cousin to the subject of this sketch.

Young Gibson received his early education at the Central school, Hamilton, under the mastership of Dr. J. H. Gangster. He made such rapid progress as soon to become the leading student. At Toronto University his course was one of unusual brilliancy. Matriculating in 1859, during the next four years he distinguished himself by winning a number of scholarships with high honors, and graduated as B. A. in 1863, when he took the Prince of Wales' prize.

He had devoted himself largely to the study of languages and with such success that he was awarded silver medals, not only in classics and modern European languages, but also won the prize in Orientals as well. Receiving his M.A. degree in '64, he commenced the study of law in the office of the firm of which the present Mr. Justice Burton was the head, in the city of Hamilton, and during the term of his articles took the law course at Toronto University, receiving in '69 the degree of LL.B. and the gold medal of the faculty.

Called to the bar in Michaelmas term, '67, a year later he entered into partnership with Francis Mackelcan, Q.C., with whom he has

continued to be associated under different firm names, carrying on a very extensive practice in Hamilton.

Mr. Gibson's solid and varied literary attainments, as evidenced by his brilliant university career, and his thorough and comprehensive study of jurisprudence, together with his subsequent experience arising from the extensive practice he has had in later years, have combined to place him in the front rank of his profession. An able or safer counsellor could hardly be found.

During the Trent affair in '61 he was one of the first to enrol on the formation of the University Rifle Company, and on leaving the University he joined the 13th Batt. of Hamilton as a private, and has since risen in rank until he is now commanding Lieut. Colonel.

He was present as lieutenant of the leading company of the battalion at Ridgeway in '66, in the fight with the invading Fenians.

Colonel Gibson has a high reputation as a rifleman and was one of the Wimbledon teams of '74, '75, and '76, on each of which occasions he won honors as an excellent marksman. In the last year of his record was a splendid one, winning as he did the Prince of Wales' prize of £100 and badge, as well as the Olympic or Snyder championship match.

He commanded the Canadian team to Wimbleton in '81, when the British team were defeated in the match for the Rajah of Kolapore's cup.

He was president of the Ontario Rifle Association for several years and for the past two years has been president of the Dominion Rifle Association. He was also the first president of the Canadian Military League, a position which he held for three years.

Colonel Gibson besides having held and holding still many prominent positions in connection with the military affairs of the country, has been also almost as intimately connected with educational affairs. In the city of Hamilton and at Toronto at the first election of members for the Senate of the University of Toronto, under the University Act of '73, he was selected by his fellow-graduates as one of the first senators and was repeatedly re-elected. For many years he was a member of the Board of Education of Hamilton, and for two years chairman of the board.

He has also been prominently connected with the Free Masons for many years, and has held the office of Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada for the past two years.

Colonel Gibson has been actively associated with the Liberal party from his earliest manhood. For many years the indefatigable secretary of the Reform Association of Hamilton, he was on the retirement of the late Mr. J. M. Williams, M.P.P., in '79 selected as the Reform candidate for the Legislature, and after one of the hardest fought campaigns ever known in that city—and there are enough Scotchmen amongst Hamiltonians to make every battle there an earnest one—he defeated Mr. Hugh Murray, the most popular candidate of the Conservatives could put in nomination, and he has been re-elected at every succeeding general election since. At the last one, however, he suffered his first reverse, being defeated by the Conservative candidate, Mr. T. H. Stinson. The set-back was only a temporary one, though, for that gentleman, who, by the way, was a brother-in-law of the subject of this sketch, was unseated for bribery, undue influence, etc., and a new election ordered by the court. In this second contest with Mr. Stinson, Col. Gibson was returned by an unusually large majority.

It is a singular fact that though the city of Hamilton has returned Conservative members to the Dominion Parliament for many years past, never since Confederation have any but Reform members represented it in the Ontario Legislature. Indeed, it has sent only two different members, J. M. Williams and Colonel Gibson, to the Provincial Parliament since the confederation of the provinces in '67. How Hamilton's representation will be affected by the working out of the recently enacted Redistribution Act, giving it an additional member, one month from the date of this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT will tell.

Mr. Gibson's ability was early recognized in the Legislature, and it soon became evident that he was one of the coming men for political preferment in connection with the government of this province. On the retirement of the late Hon. Adam Crooks from the Ministry of Education, it was the general expectation that he would be that gentleman's successor; but instead of allowing his claims for promotion

to be pressed, he favored the appointment of Hon. G. W. Ross, the present Minister, who was then out of Parliament, but who succeeded in redeeming the constituency of West Middlesex and took his seat in the Legislature.

In '84 he was elected chairman of the Private Bills Committee, a position requiring the exercise of much tact and judgment, and the duties of which he has since discharged with marked ability.

He was called to the office of Provincial Secretary in January, '89, when Timothy Blair Pardee's death made a vacancy in the Cabinet, and Hon. Mr. Hardy was made Commissioner of Crown Lands, Mr. Gibson succeeding the latter gentleman. By no means so important an office as many people suppose—because there is little patronage connected with it—it involves a vast amount of labor on the part of the incumbent, for in addition to the ordinary work of Provincial Secretary prior to Hon. Mr. Hardy's occupancy, the office has attached the Department of Prisons, Charities and Public Institutions.

The Provincial Secretary also has the Insurance Branch with all the new features relating to the registration of benefit societies, the inspection and regulation of division courts, the game law administration under the acts which Mr. Gibson himself has done so much to improve and the branch of administration relating to neglected and dependent children under the act of '83, generally known as the "Gibson Act."

Speaking of this legislation at the opening of the Wentworth Assizes the other week, Chanceller Boyd said: "Much attention has been given to the preventing of juvenile crime, and your own representative, Hon. Mr. Gibson, has placed upon the statute books one of the best measures ever passed in this respect, the object of which is to save children from lives of sin and crime. The cases that have come before the Bench of the country under this act have been very shocking. . . . Such a state of things is deplorable, and any measure that tends to prevent it is a public good. Then there are the children of prostitutes and of cruel parents who are to be cared for and brought up among surroundings that are as near like home as it is possible to give them, for the nearer children are kept to home life the better. Prevention, you know, is better than cure, and better doubly than punishment."

In point of labor, therefore, the office of Secretary is the heaviest burden of all the Government departments. Considering the great amount of work entailed upon the Secretary by the duties of his office, the numerous societies, military organizations, etc., of which he is the head, and by the law firm in which he still takes a very active part, and in addition to all this the legislative labors he has to perform when the House of Assembly is in session, one must arrive at the conclusion that he is one of the hardest worked and busiest men in public life. So he is, but his vigorous and well trained mental powers, as well as his strong physical constitution, seem to stand the strain without apparent fatigue.

He is not a frequent speaker in the House, but when he addresses that body his speeches are clear, logical and always to the point, and clothed in the language of grace and precision, just such as might be expected from so accomplished a scholar.

Courteous in manner, kindly and generous in disposition, self possessed without assumption, profoundly versed in law, unwearied in the discharge of his official duties, without a blemish upon either his public or private reputation, he fully merits and as fully receives the entire confidence and respect of his constituents, of the members of the House, and of his colleagues in the Ministry.

Col. Gibson has been married three times, and has met with severe calamities in his domestic relations. He married Miss Emily Annie Birrell of London, Ont., on October 26, '69, but she died on June 30, '74. On September 26, '76, he married Caroline, second daughter of Hon. Adam Hope, Senator of the Dominion, and she died on October 9, '77. His third marriage was to Elizabeth, daughter of late Judge Malloch of Brockville, by whom he has several children. F. HOWARD ANNES.

Stage-struck maiden—What a happy life you must lead! I wish I was an actress.

Actress—Oh, there are disappointments. The man I kissed in the play to-night is my husband—Life.

Do not measure a man by the length of his funeral procession. A lone hearse often contains the remains of a very decent man.

The Widow



For Saturday Night.

Alone, she is alone.
Divorced by God's inexorable law,
The staff on which she'd leaned she'll lean no more,
The voice that cheered her sorrows now is still,
Unspoken is the wish that ruled her will.

Alone, she is alone.

To face the world, its varying smile and frown,
No longer cheered by him, his love, her crown,

A poor lone widow in her heart's void,
With only mem'ry left, all else destroyed.

Alone, she is alone.

Alone, so, so alone. Ah! who can know,

Save those who've felt that bitterness of woe?

Of flesh divorced of spirit, rent in twain
Apart until in heav'n they meet again.

Alone, she is alone.

Her noble gash proclaims her cause for tears,
Her buried dead, her buried hopes and fears;

Her sun gone down, her life by night o'er-spread,
Her better self, her loved one dead, dead, dead.

Alone, she is alone.

Oh, world! they say you're harsh, unkind;

Go search your heart and pray some pity find

For one whose Fate has given so hard a share,

And with your pity help her grief to bear.

Alone, she is alone.

To you, kind heav'n, we pray that you will bless

This woman in her hour of sore distress.

Show her that she now feels but as bane,

Shall in thy providence prove her true gain;

Open thy door and with fair vision show

Thy future recompence for grief below.

W. B.

Greetings From Toronto, May 24, 1894.

For Saturday Night.

Greetings, most royal lady!

We offer unto thee,

And wot our loyal wishes

Across the dark blue sea;

Long may'st thou wield thy sceptre,

Unshaken in its sheen,

And rule our land with thy fair hand,

Victoria, Our Queen!

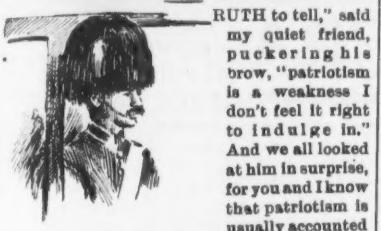
As tribute to thy name,

That's made the wide world ring,

Fair women and brave men

Their liege and homage bring;

Between You and Me.



RUTH to tell," said my quiet friend, pucker his brow, "patriotism is a weakness I don't feel it right to indulge in." And we all looked at him in surprise, for you and I know that patriotism is usually accounted

a strength. "I don't feel called upon to fight you," he continued, always with that considering, deliberate and thoughtful air which gives one an expectation of some good result from his cogitation, "because you don't like my home as well as your own, nor do we ruffle up our plumes if you say your *menage* is better conducted; mine suits me and yours suits you. Even if you don't always understand why I differ from you, we agree to differ and live in peace. Patriotism is mainly combativeness and self-assertion, and that's the truth, in the present age. A little of both gives snap to a man's character, but when you call them patriotism and foster them and magnify them, they become—tiresome!" And with the quaint rising inflection with which he often encourages discussion, he subsided. "But," said the eager man, rising to the bait, "don't you believe it's a good thing to shed one's blood for one's country?" "Oh, no! It's a very deplorable thing to lose your vital fluid for anyone or anything. It's a relic of animalism and savagery. A war is a calamity, any way you take it. A standing army is a disgrace, in the face of our poor and our suffering people. A soldier who is well set up, manly, honest and sincere, makes me sad, like any other wasted and mistaken being. An officer in all his glory makes me laugh. Now, please lend me a corporal's guard for safe exit," and amid a chorus of ah's and oh's he levanted. And some of us condemned him for a paper man, but some of us thought over it afterwards. One old lady said, "Dear me, I'm glad he's gone, I do detest an argument;" and with good reason, for an argument, nine times out of ten, is merely two people talking with more or less confidence and bluff of something they know little and have thought less about. But there are arguments, without bitterness but with plenty of emphasis, without heat, but with lots of earnestness, when mind crosses mind with cuts of clever, sharp thought, while great facts are marshaled and wise deductions drawn, when there are force and deliberation and fairness, arguments that one rarely hears, and treasures as great lessons and precious privileges, and that probably the old lady would still detect because she and her ruminating kind confound difference of opinion with strife. One hears these arguments oftener across the lines than in Canada. Over there, the people, especially the women, have their delight in them. An American woman when she states her convictions can always give a reason, and generally a good one, for the belief that is in her. I have often listened, and admired the poise of her mind, as she clearly stated why she believed and did so and so; she would have been ashamed to say, in the shuffling, disturbed manner of some of us, "Oh, I don't know, I just think so." We can give the American woman pointers on many feminine ways and means, but she can often put us to shame on mentality, and she never hedges. When she has said her say she stops, and at the end of the fray you find her at the starting-point, because she understood and knew her mind at the beginning and did not make it up as she went along.

The American woman's mind is made up on lots of questions which we are just beginning to tackle. In Toronto, if an ordinarily intelligent woman begins to speak her thoughts and convictions, say about the franchise, her husband, her father or her nearest "bully" says "Boo!" and she subsides. If she doesn't, she must fight every inch of her way. In America the men who, whatever they are to each other, are the essence of chivalry to their women, form a ring and see fair play. They never say "Boo!" but they contemplate the woman thinker indifferently and silently and give her every chance to grow and talk, and if she is growing and talking towards good and logical conclusions, they listen respectfully and allow her also a mind. The franchise question is too big for me, and too far off from my immediate neighborhood, so I don't know what I shall think of it when it has to be thought about. In this I am a typical Canadian. If I were an American and heard that the franchise had been granted to women in Timbuctoo, my mind would immediately begin to work on the idea of how it would affect, say Buffalo or Albany or any other town where my lot was cast. As things are to-day hundreds of thousands of women in the States are eagerly longing for the right to vote, while in Toronto, or in any part of Canada, I don't believe one woman in a thousand would go to the door and take it in if the franchise were dumped on the doorstep like a lump of ice from Lake Simcoe! Indeed, the comparison is better than I thought this weather.

A dock-tailed horse is man's freak. No matter how uncomfortable the poor beastie may be in fly-time, no matter how undignified he may look, no matter what his idea may be about it, his graceful, useful, beautiful, stream-lined, horsehair flyfan must be nipped off in spite of him because man prefers him hotted-tailed. A suppressed female mind is also the fashion. Men don't really care an iota whether women fret, or fume, or suffer, or swear, so that they don't assert opinions and have convictions. I don't write this with an ounce of personal discomfort, for I've had rather a good time of it myself, (though that is luck and management combined and not the rule by any means), but merely as an outcome of recent study of the dock-tailed equine and the suppressed and stunted feminine. Perhaps I admire a strong minded, gentle-mannered woman more than anything God has made, perhaps that is because I so seldom have the delight of seeing one. Body, soul, spirit, every here in Toronto when one knows the woman of the city, and here and there a woman on all of the public questions of the day, interested and expectant for the future, wise for the present, thoughtful over the past, and yet there are not enough of such minds, not so many as there ought to be, not so many as there would be with a small amount of encouragement from the kindly, good hearted Canadian men!

LADY GAY.

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A LEGEND OF ELK RIVER.

BY TOBE HODGE.

Illustrated by A. B. Frost.

When Elk River lays itself down into base-pools and salmon ripples; when it nurses on its blue depths the shadows of rocks and mountains, rooted banks, and wealth of beech,



Ole Sol Peters.

elm and ghostly sycamore; when it quietly lies in its cradle of fleecy clouds or golden sunset, no lovelier stream gathers the purity of trout-homes to freshen the busy Ohio. But when the mountains tease it to wrath with snow-drains, or lash it into fury with thousands of curling, twisting, crackling torrents, it gathers its wealth of logs and lumber, scores its banks by ice and drift, and off it goes in reckless impetuosity and madness until brought to suilen halt by the more sturdy and less impulsive Kanawha. Still, in all its moods it has a winning way.

Boone paused on its banks, stayed by the wealth of fish and game and the congenial employment of the surveying of its vast region of wilds gave him.

Louis battled the Indians, facing the hardy pioneer who first struck plow into its fertile bottoms with tomahawk and poisoned flints, fire, murder and massacre, across its water to lay them low at Point Pleasant in 1774, and later, annoying bands of swarthy trappers followed its windings from the north and east, chasing the foes of civilization before them, and away from their hunting-grounds and

once knew so well, of horrid struggles, heroic devotion, or legend as wild, disconnected and misty as themselves.

A pretty rock-walled, fern and moss-bedded branch of Elk, sweet in its flowers and freshness, is not so savory in its name—Polecat; but Polecat Hollow, as it opens with a swing of mountain and sweep of meadow to the river, is not to be shunned in day or night time, for it is safe now for the most fastidious. A tree-grown pile of mould and stones watches its meeting with the broader waters of the Elk, and close by the pile is a log cabin, notched and clap-boarded, stone-chimneyed, and daubed with mud, as was its parent lying in the heap, from which it seems to have sprung. The spot has unhallored memories, and old Sol Peters, standing tall and gaunt, white-haired, hatless, protruding in all possible places through the faded and patched sieve worn under protest and the requirements of the law, is rich in the story and legend of ninety years ago, and should he live another ninety years, as any such specimen of animated leather might do, Baron Munchausen will rise from his grave to give him the lie, if Sol Peters' stories increase in marvel in ratio with his years—that is, some of them. But when his voice is deep and husky; when his words come slow, as the welling up of something that will not be kept down; when his eyes seem pushed back by the very resistance of the great disturbance they look into; when a clamping muscular effort brings their lids together to wipe up watery dimness, loaded as the motion is with every wrinkle and curve of expression, and even his arm is moved up and across his eyes by it; when he says, in explanation of all this, "I reckon I must have ketched a bit uv cold, an' I hain't good at tellin' 'bout it no way;" then one may know that old Sol Peters is stirred clear to the bottom of his well of memory, and there truth lies.

With all these signs he told me this story just as it is written, and from where he stood, a living exponent of time and annihilator of years, he pointed around curves and twists of ravines, over and through mountains, with a finger that opened them like the rod of the prophet, for the mind to follow to the spots indicated, and gathered around him the forms long dead by the magnetic timbre of his voice as he told of them:

"I won't lend you my grubben-hoe. Tain't no use, no way. I'm willin' to 'commodate you with what leetle I hav, for you've kinder got inside my bark, an' we're fren'; an' that's just pintedly the reason I won't lend you my grubben-hoe to dig in that Injun buryen heap yander, fer harm 'ud come to you—harm 'ud come to you sure ez you'd strike a light or tech one uv yer carcasses, or any of their belongings. Don't you do it no time. It's been done by them as did it fer devility, an' them ez did it fer solemn arnest, an' nothen but mis'ry hez come uv it, an' sorry, an' worryin' an' dyin'. Et the notion's got a scald on you, an' a tight grip—'d hate a sight to part with you, an' hev you leave these parts—git on your critter an' go, till you sees somethin' else that's cur'us to dig at."

"Tain't no notion uv an ole man; hit's just ez true ez the sights on my rifle. Harm comes in it, an' mis'ry. I knows it myself. I knows it in every white hair uv my head. I hain't given to axen' people for things ther against, but I'd do a power to keep you frum the cussed bone heap. I've known that Injun mound iv erence I wuz borned in that cabin thar, comin' ninety year ago, an' ther's nothin' but mis'ry come uv it in my time. It were that

help, an' the fun that wuz goin' on at sich times! Thar wuzn't many in these parts then. Cider wuz plenty, an' Sholit got party lively, an' his mouth goin'. Somethin' wuz talked about the mound an' how the speerts uv the red varmints buried ther watched an' chased any feller teachin' it.

Sholit lowed he wuzn't afeared, an' the gals dared and sicced him on. I mind my har wuz nigh on to leavin' my head at the stories thar wuz tellin'. Sholit said he'd go git an' arry out uv it if the devil himself set thar and his tail het red; but he went, an' them laughin' at him.

"It wuzn't long afore we heard a yell wuss nor a painter hollerin'. The gals screched an' kivered up ther heads with hum-spuns—that wuzn't no calker in them days—an' the boys all looked ez if they didn't see no way out uv the cabin. The ole man grabbed his rifle an started to see what wuz goin' wrong with Sholit. He wuz gone all that night, an' bout noon next day he come back a leadin' Sholit. His clothes wuz gone. He wuz tearred up like the last fellor in a scrimmage, an' he jist looked and said nothin' an' his eyes wuz rollin'. Hit were many a day afore he come to; when he did come 'roun' he were an' ole man, frum bein' as good a healer an' toer ez that wuz in them days uv chopped floors. He tellus us that when he jined to dig he heard a grunt ahead him, an' he felt slow 'bout lookin' round, an' afore he could ther wuz a scruch that took the ole clean out'n his han', an' he jined footin' it for the cabin.

"Somethin' knocked him down, or tripped him up—he wuz jabus 'bout which it wuz—an' when heriz he couldn't see no light, an' he jined runnin' agin. He heard the arry's a-whizzin' and tommymawks crackin' agin the trees ez the ole Injun speerts throwed them arter him. He said ther wuz mor'n five hundred uv 'em. Over the mountain he went; through the bushes an' trees, jumpin', fallin', an' them arter him; an' clar on till big light 'gan to come next mornin'. The ole man got onto his trail an' followed it, an' found him lyin' between two logs, with his face jammed into the leaves, ez nigh under dead ez he could git, an' clean out uv his head. He never got over that skeer agin. He were no count no how, an' in a few years he went dead. I mind the ole man—sayin' it mought hav been the cider, an' the he told of them:

"I won't lend you my grubben-hoe. Tain't no use, no way. I'm willin' to 'commodate you with what leetle I hav, for you've kinder got inside my bark, an' we're fren'; an' that's just pintedly the reason I won't lend you my grubben-hoe to dig in that Injun buryen heap yander, fer harm 'ud come to you—harm 'ud come to you sure ez you'd strike a light or tech one uv yer carcasses, or any of their belongings. Don't you do it no time. It's been done by them as did it fer devility, an' them ez did it fer solemn arnest, an' nothen but mis'ry hez come uv it, an' sorry, an' worryin' an' dyin'. Et the notion's got a scald on you, an' a tight grip—'d hate a sight to part with you, an' hev you leave these parts—git on your critter an' go, till you sees somethin' else that's cur'us to dig at."

found his old sow an' a litter uv pigs nigh to whar Sholit wuz diggin'; but in his pinion that wuz no meaness the Injuns wuzn't up to, dead or livin', and it must hev been them dead uns, with all hell in 'em.

"Right smart o' our people hez seed the bards dancin' onto the carcass heap at the full uv the moon, an' the squaws sittin' a top uv it kickin' an' thrrown' themselves about in an onreglar way. I've seed 'em myself many a time. There's no crester in these parts that hev any known but leaves the devils ther own, but I know more 'bout it than any uv 'em. The mis'ry that's come to me from it is past my tellin'. 'Twaan't no fault of mine. I'd done nothin' to fetch a judgment like what befall me onto my head. I've stood yer, when I'm standin' now, many a time, an' watched Elk bilin' with her mad on, duckin' the logs under an' poppin' 'em clear out'n the water, an' wished I wuz one uv them logs, an' I've minded to go unbeknownst to nobody and drop myself in, an' take eternaty without swimmin' a lick.

"I'll tell you 'bout it, 'cause we're fren's.

"When a man's goin' on ninety than hain't many taken to him—they think he's no 'count no way. Maybe he ain't worth much, but he's seed just ninety year uv livin', an' that's worth somethin'. I don't take to folks like I used to, nayther. You's the only one this many a year. I stan' yere, an' go way yander back 'mongst my fren's, an' kin, an' her, an' lives over, double lin' on my track like; and that's nobody but me to follow the scent. I'm like an ole dog runnin' in a circle arter his tail, but it does me a power uv good—a power uv good. It'll do me a power uv good now. Hey! you any terrier baccer 'bout you? Thanks. Lord, what a sight uv trails I gots on a smoke, runnin' out'n the water, an' wished I wuz one uv them logs, an' I've minded to go unbeknownst to nobody and drop myself in, an' take eternaty without swimmin' a lick.

"You were axin' me the t'other day if there weren't some legends heresabout, an' then you tellled me that you meand stories an' such. I never heard 'em called that afore—legends, when that the hall truth—then no lies; when that yarses that half lies; an' when that lies, lies is the name for 'em. I've been thinkin' 'bout it since you tellled me what a legend wuz, that they're a mixtry: you hears 'em, you don't know whar they come from, an' they mought hev come from the truth an' got spiled in the raisin'—them legends. Hit were one uv them things my fren', ther hez hanted my trail, but I didn't know the name uv it till you tellled me. Hit's a legend, an' I'll tell ye all about it.

(To be continued.)

She—The happiest marriages are said to be those of people with opposite characteristics. He—That's why I am looking for a girl with money.—Munich *Fliedgen Blatter*.

Flashlight Views.

HERR Holtz is an alien. Any man who grows goat's hair on his head and face can never get over being an alien however long he may live among us. We can grow goats and we can grow men in Canada, but the

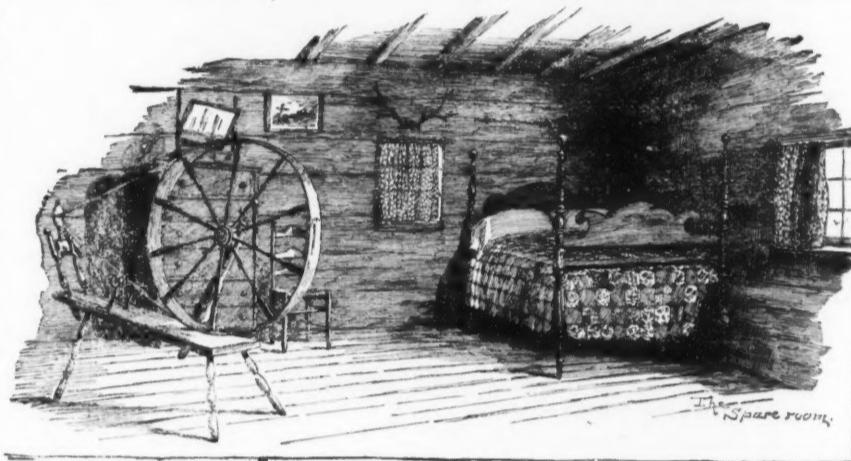
conjoint product is imported. Herr Holtz is a social reformer, and you know how hair and whiskers flourish on the man who tries to solve the land problem. Once youth asked a patriarch how to raise a beard and was told to join the single tax movement. He mistook the advice for ridicule and is barefaced even unto this day. Herr Holtz wants the earth to quit whirling for half a minute so that the people can take one quick look around and see where they are. He knows that the masses are kept on the under side of the wheel somehow, contrary to mechanical law. He aims to restore the law in its entirety or to abolish it completely. He is a strong reasoner, and centers his mind constantly in the one direction.

But Herr Holtz eats as well as thinks. It is a necessity which he despises.

Yesterday at noon the necessity made itself felt. Herr Holtz, the economist and reformer, turned his thoughts upon the great food problem. We know that there is much speculation as to whether the wheat product of the United States and our own North-West will aggregate so many million bushels, more or less, and whether it will sell for sixty cents or two dollars a bushel. The gentleman before us knew as much as anyone else about these questions; he could tell you in round numbers how many millions of bushels were stored a way as surplus product of last year; he was possessed of the general facts and versed in the abstruse reckonings. But it was another phase of the problem that engrossed him yesterday at noon.

Herr Holtz wanted something to eat—anything whatever would do. He had eaten nothing that day. Any estable thing that the earth had grown or that man had made, would have answered his need. "What can I get to eat?" he cried to himself. But he went hungry.

Mr. Schmidt is a well-to-do citizen. Really he came from foreign parts, but after arriv-



burial places. Now nothing more is left of the red man than there is of the Elk water of more than a century ago. The clouds that float up and down, over and across the river, may carry drops once familiar with its waters; should some of them fall on the clap-board roofs of log cabins still inhabited by descendants of the old settlers, they might hear the stories they

had his hair cut with horse-clippers. The phase of the land problem that interested him was the price of real estate per acre. He foreclosed a couple of mortgages and ceased to be an alien long ago. He is comfortably rich. He has noticed nothing contrary to mechanical law in the fact that the masses do not revolve with the wheel, but are always left at the under side, where it touches the ground, and where the earth bulges around and spurts over it. Having nothing to complain of, he has noticed nothing wrong. He has only a few fellow-men; all others are producers and consumers of the wares he handles at a margin. He has endowed a chair in a university; the sons of his fellow-men declare him a philanthropist. He contributed a large sum towards building a church, dedicated to the aristocratic God of his fellow-men. The masses with their toll builded the edifice for pay, but they dared not with their presence offend the God of that sanctuary after it began its polite career as a place of worship.

But Mr. Schmidt, occupied with big affairs, recognizing only a few of his fellow-men, still resembles the most vulgar among the masses in that he requires to eat.

Yesterday at noon Mr. Schmidt went out to lunch at Webb's. The waiter handed him the bill of fare, and he scanned its list of rare preparations, its garnished solids, its delicate frills. He returned from them wearily. "What can I eat?" he cried. "Is there nothing new? Is there no rarity that will tempt me to eat? And he spoiled a dollar's worth of dishes, merely tasting them disapprovingly.

Herr Holtz thrives better physically on his hunger than does Mr. Schmidt with his satiety of dainties. Herr Holtz is reasoning himself towards desperate conclusions; Mr. Schmidt's mind is falling into an arrogant vacuity. Herr Holtz starves for lack of even potatoes; Mr. Schmidt throws lobsters and frogs' legs into the slope. Herr Holtz could break Mr. Schmidt's back across his knee, so strong is he compared with the other. He knows this, and is at present figuring whether the committing of manslaughter will guarantee him potatoes for ever.

Effect of a Missing Letter.

A missing letter sometimes plays havoc with the sense of a phrase, as the following examples will show: The conflict was dreadful and the enemy was repulsed with considerable slaughter. In consequence of the numerous accidents occasioned by skating on the river, measures will be taken to put a stop to it. Miss Roberts was politely drawn up the ship's side by means of a (chair). A gentleman was brought up to answer a charge of having (beaten) a coachman for having demanded more than his fare; and another was accused of having stolen a small (box) out of the mail; the stolen property was found in his waistcoat pocket.—*Tit Bits*.

May 26, 1894

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9

Mr. Sloth and the Gold Hat.
A RESPECTABLE MIDDLE AGED MAN'S ADVENTURE.

Mr. Peter Sloth, having sent his family out of town for the summer months, found that living alone in a huge and empty town-house tinged his life with solitude and gloom.

All day he toiled and moiled in the sweltering city, and then, after eating a cheerful dinner at the club, the evening diversion presented a daily problem. Staying at home and stewing in a gas-lit room was out of the question, and yet all the outdoor summer amusements were, to a person of an orderly habit of life, at once ill-regulated and hopelessly Bohemian. Beer disagreed radically with Mr. Sloth, and music in all forms was positively distasteful to him. However, after a week or so of useless struggling, he relapsed into a chronic state of Casino root and Madison Square Garden.

One evening, at the latter resort, he was sitting in a sequestered corner, his eyes furtively fixed upon a lovely creature with vivid blonde hair who sat in a box opposite and above him, when suddenly the man by whom she sat turned upon Mr. Sloth a look of such angry enquiry that, dropping his eyes with guilty rapidity, he met those of a young man hitherto unnoticed, who occupied the same table with himself.

The young man at once leaned forward and addressed Mr. Sloth in a long and incoherent sentence, the one intelligible word being "Wagner." Mr. Sloth was so taken aback by the whole proceeding that, forgetting his rule of never talking to strangers, and taking Wagner as a cue, he said, "Yes; Wagner undoubtedly knew how to write music that would fill a big hall," and then carefully regarded his companion.

He was a young man about twenty-five years old, dressed with an almost studied simplicity of detail, and about his half-shut, brown eyes lurked an expression of muddled kindness, which caused Mr. Sloth to glance suspiciously at the Rhine wine bottle standing upon the table. The bottle was empty. Not so the youth, who, moving his chair a little closer to Mr. Sloth, told a long and carefully enunciated tale about a man whom he had seen fall down an elevator shaft in Long's Hotel, London. Mr. Sloth recollects that Long's Hotel did not have an elevator; but making due allowance for his companion's supposed condition, civilly refrained from contradiction.

Here the stranger suggested another bottle of Rhine wine; but to this Mr. Sloth objected—tale he might with a stranger, but drink never! So the young man, regretting that his companion would not join him, ordered another bottle for himself. The talk then became desultory and, upon the part of the stranger, slightly incoherent.

At about eleven o'clock Mr. Sloth and his companion arose to depart, only to find, upon reaching the door, that the boiling heat of the day had given place to a fierce torrent of rain—the streets ran rivers. And the rain blew in big drops through the arcades of the Madison Square Garden. A cab seemed to be the only refuge; and though Mr. Sloth by no means liked the idea of driving about with an unknown and intoxicated youth, nevertheless to desert him seemed under the circumstances uncharitable.

Having discovered that they were going in the same direction, Mr. Sloth and the unknown entered a cab and drove off through the rain. "Oh, yes," said the young man, as if continuing a discussion, "in Northern India the elephant's foot is considered finer and more succulent than the turtle's fin." Then he suddenly began to pound furiously upon the front window of the cab, which forthwith stopped and pulled up on the right-hand kerb-stone. He at once opened the left-hand door and sprang into the street. Mr. Sloth, amazed, felt nervously for his watch, and then peered out of the window.

in the bottom of the cab. A confused noise of oaths and breaking glass assailed the ears of the unhappy gentleman. Then the cab-door above him was wrenched open, and to his bewildered eyes appeared the blue coat, the brass buttons, and the dyed mustache of a policeman.—*Evening Sun.*

Election Day in Mobile.



Colonel Dixie (candidate for sheriff)—Ah, Mr. Smith, how are you? Wife and family well, I hope. How's the baby coming on?—Er—have you—he—voted yet?

Mr. Smith—Yes, sir.



Colonel Dixie—Well, then, you pudd'n-headed black slouch, what in hades are you loafing around here for? Clear out with you!

TRY Derby Plug Smoking Tobacco, 5, 10 and 20 cent plugs.

Dad's Fault, Certainly

Mrs. Chat—I'm so sorry you hurt your fingers, Johnny. How was it the cracker went off in your hand?

Little Johnny—It was all dad's fault. He was coming up the street and I was going to drop it out of the window on his head, but he walked so slow that the thing went off before he got underneath the window.

A Tragedy of Spring.

He had reached the front door in his usual morning sprint for the train, when his wife called after him, "Oh, Tom!"

"Yes," he answered, with his hand on the knob.

"I had my garden fixed yesterday," she cried, "and I want you to bring me some plants from town."

"All right," he replied; "what do you want?"

Hurry up—I must catch my train."

"Well," came the reflective voice from the dining room, "you might bring me—"

"Oh, do hurry!" he retorted with a show of impatience.

"Well, I think—"

"Quack!" he shouted, with the open door:

"I hear the whistle—what is it?"

"R-roses," was the answer that reached his ears, and he was off like a madman.

At noon he feared he might have been a little harsh that morning, so he went out and bought two dozen varieties of rose-bushes, and carried the thorny, scratchy things home in the even-

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc., writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good."

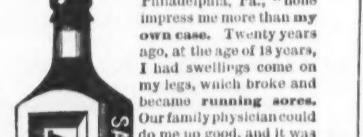
Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

For the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood, the best remedy is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you



WHY
DON'T YOU
BUY YOUR

GAS FIXTURES

While they are cheap? We will furnish you with the most artistic designs at the lowest prices.

FRED ARMSTRONG,
277 Queen St. West.

ing, to the peril of anyone who approached him.

Then he laid the offering at his wife's feet, and was surprised to see her burst into tears. "What is the matter?" he asked wonderingly. "Are not those all right?"

"No," she sobbed. "I don't want roses." "But, my dear," he protested, "you certainly said roses this morning."

"I—I know it," was the weeping answer. "You made me—you were in such a hurry, and roses was the shortest word I could think of at the moment. I wanted chrysanthemums and rhododendrons, but you wouldn't give me time to say them."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Have you tried Derby Plug Smoking Tobacco, 5, 10 and 20 cent plugs?

An Insinuation.

Clara—He has spoken at last.

Maude—And was his answer "Yes?"—Truth.

Get the Best.

The public are too intelligent to purchase a worthless article a second time; on the contrary, they want the best! Physicians are virtually unanimous in saying Scott's Emulsion is the best form of cod liver oil.

Paterfamilias—What are you reading, Johnny?

Johnny—The story of a seal-hunter who was wrecked on a cap.

Paterfamilias—Read it aloud, Johnny. I can sympathize with him. I was wrecked on a sealskin cape myself.—*London Fun.*

English Opinion.

A writer in Herapath's London, England, *Railway and Commercial Journal*, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railroads, says:

"The railway system of America is vast. It extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 20,000 miles, is big."

After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence:

"The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."

Wife (in tears)—I'm sure—(sob)—there is no longer any chivalry in there. Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak on the ground for Queen Bess to walk over, and you get mad just because poor, dear mother sat down on your hat for a minute!—*London Ally Sloper.*

Home-Seekers' Excursion Tickets.

Will be sold by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway on May 8th and May 29th, 1894, from Chicago to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Sioux City, Kansas City, and points beyond at practically no fare for the round trip. Extra tickets will be good for return passage thirty days from date of sale, but are good for passage only on date of sale.

For further particulars apply to any coupon ticket agent in the United States or Canada, or address A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent, 57 York Street, Toronto, Ont.

Have you ever read The Bright Side of Suffering?

No. Who wrote it?

"I don't know. Some doctor, I imagine."

Life.

Home-Seekers' Excursion.

On May 29 the Wabash Railway will sell tickets at rate of one standard regular first-class fare for the round trip to all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Dakotas, etc. All rights good to return thirty days from date of sale. The Wabash Railway is the great through line for this business, with its superbly equipped trains, the finest in the world. Full particulars of this excursion at Wabash office, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto. J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent.

Mother—Now, Fritz, remember it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Fritz—Yes, ma, but I am not selfish.—*Berlin UK.*

Teacher—And thus Emperor Henry was forced to stand before the Pope barefooted, in the castle of Canossa. What happened next to him?

Little August—He got the influenza, sir.—*Vienna Home.*

Jacques—Will you invite me to dinner? Our cook has left.

Pierre—So has ours.

Jacques—Yes, but your wife has practiced ten years, and mine only six months.—*Paris Journal pour Rire.*

"Has Miss Isabel a good reputation?"

"Yes, with one exception. She is said to play the piano."—*Vienna Der Floh.*

Teacher—Johnny, what is the difference between a barometer and a thermometer?

Johnny—One hangs outside, and the other inside.—*Vienna Humoristische Blatter.*

Little Emily (as his sister Ell enters the room with an apple in her hand)—Ell's play Adam and Eve, sis.

Adam—How!

Emily—You tempt me with the apple, and I eat it.—*Munich Fliegende Blatter.*

Mr. Brown (reading the newspaper)—There is one thing I can't understand.

Mrs. Brown—What's that?

Mr. Brown—All the brides are described as beautiful. Where do all the plain married women come from?—*London Judy.*

Martha—Did you not always say that you hated Amadeo?

Maria—Yes; but that was before he proposed.

Marie—Rome II Papagallo.

Gentleman (to laborer at the scene of a railroad accident)—Good gracious! What are you waiting for? Why don't you assist the sufferers?

Laborer—We're waiting for the photographer, sir.—*Vienna Humoristische Blatter.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

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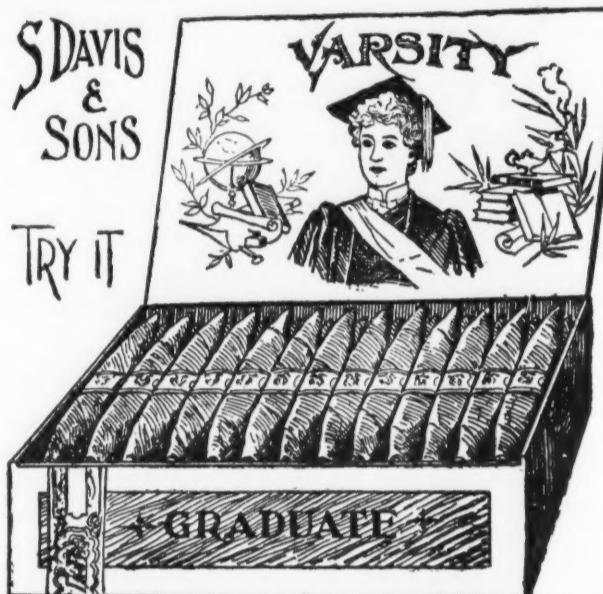
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you



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But After Your Trade
PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY
67 to 71 Adelaide St. West
BRANCHES—93, 729 and 434 Yonge Street
Also 1360 Queen West and 724 Queen East
PHONE 1127

TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY
106 York Street, near King
HOUSEHOLD LIST
Table Napkins, 1c. each; Table Cloths, 4c. each; Sheets, 3c. each; Pillow Slips, 2c. each; Towels, 1c. each; Roller Towels, 2c. each; Spreads, 10c. each; Toilet Covers, 5c. each.
NOTICE—Not less than 30 pieces will be received at the above rates.

**A HIGH CLASS 5 CENT CIGAR,
COSTS THE RETAILER 4 CENTS EACH.**

Miss Arabella—Don't you think I look dreadfully pale, doctor?

The Doctor—Yes, indeed, you do, mademoiselle.

Miss Arabella—Then what do you advise me to do?

The Doctor—Wipe some of the powder off your face.—*Paris Figaro.*

Amaden (who insists upon accompanying young lady)—I fear we shall have a storm, miss.

Young Lady—I should think so. My big brother is waiting for me at the corner.—*Barcelona Semana Comica.*

Mr. Henpeck—I am very happy. I can't miss getting to heaven.

Mr. Singlebless—How can you prove that?

Mr. Henpeck—if I die before my wife, then I'll be in heaven. If she dies first, heaven will be on earth for me.—*Vienna Der Floh.*

Hubby—I would like to read some horrible, strange tale for a change. Have you anything of the kind in the house?

Wifey—Oh, yes! (Hands him her milliner's bill).—*Berlin Schalk.*

Dealer—This chair, sir, was used by His Majesty King Louis XIV.

Customer—But the chair is, to judge by its style, at least two hundred years older.

Music.

THE question of the better protection of professional musicians against charlatans, quacks and incompetents generally through the enforcement of a system of registration, is being freely discussed in the musical press of the Old Land at the present time. It has been felt for many years that musicians should be put to a test similar to that enforced in the case of the legal and medical professions, but as yet no plan has been suggested which recommends itself as practicable. A bill has now been drafted in England for the registration of teachers of music, which is so absurdly drastic that it is unlikely to receive the consideration or sanction of those in authority. It appears so extremely tyrannical that it deserves to be crushed out promptly and effectively. From an exchange I learn that the bill proposes to create a council of forty members drawn from the universities, the great schools of music and other bodies. A year will be given to all *bona fide* teachers to enroll themselves, but they must first either pass an examination or hold certain musical degrees. It entitles registered musicians only to recover fees and salaries in a court of law, and it requires school boards to employ only registered musicians. While many of the clauses embodied in the bill are such as no fault could be found with, the general severity of the provisions indicates a spirit of intolerance and tyranny which unfortunately so frequently characterizes the conduct of certain musical cliques in whom the true spirit of music is lost in the letter. Let us have examinations by all means, but in measures so far-reaching in their influence as the question of registration of music teachers it should not be forgotten that "respectability" in music as indicated by certain dry-as-dust standards which many narrow souls feel to be the only and divinely appointed test of musicianship, does not necessarily depend entirely upon the possession of this, or the other degree, but also upon those natural and artistic qualifications which a true musician comes by instinctively and which are altogether too frequently ignored by the average examining body in music. To require long established and successful teachers to submit to any other test than that dictated by common sense and true artistic sentiment, would be absurd and unjust. True, every musician should be able to satisfy a board of examiners as to his general musical culture, but the spirit of pedantry which seems to find its climax in the bill now before the British public is not likely to further the interests of the profession or materially aid the cause of music generally.

Mr. J. Lewis Browne, organist of Bond street Congregational church, gave a successful organ recital in Knox church, Ottawa, last week. After the close of the recital Mr. Browne paid a visit to Rideau Hall on the invitation of their Excellencies, and rendered several selections on the new organ in the Governor-General's chapel. He speaks of the instrument, one of Warren's, by the way, as being very good for its size. Mr. Browne was warmly entertained by Lady Aberdeen, and had a pleasant chat with his Excellency on a private collection of hymns which are owned by Lord Aberdeen.

The Toronto College of Music announces a vocal competition which is to be held in June during the progress of the Massey Music Festival. A prize of \$100 each has been offered by Mrs. Alexander Cameron for the best soprano and tenor voice competing. The College of Music has added to this a scholarship of one year's tuition under Signor Tesserman, whose engagement as vocal instructor at the College dates from September next. Arrangements have been made whereby candidates for competition will be judged by the visiting solo artists taking part in the festival. Applicants will require to enter their names with the secretary of the College at an early date.

Preparations for the Massey Festival are progressing very favorably in all its departments. The chorus is pronounced by Mr. Torrington to be the finest he has ever been privileged to conduct. Excellent progress has also been made with the school children's monster chorus under Mr. Crangan, and the orchestra is, I am informed, rapidly and satisfactorily mastering the difficulties of its special work. Prospects for full houses are likewise encouraging, and the secretaries intimate that all devious of securing good sittings will do well to subscribe for them without delay.

ANGELO M. READ.

I have received some interesting notes from Mr. Angelo M. Read, who is at present sojourning in Vienna, concerning musical life in that influential art center during the past month. Mr. Read mentions the recent Rubinstein piano recitals and compares the remarkable playing of this giant of the keyboard at the present day with his still more wonderful performances of twelve years ago, when Mr. Read heard him frequently in Leipzig. Although he has lost somewhat in the finer details of his work he seems to have retained his old-time brilliancy and fire unimpaired. Mr. Read writes as follows concerning the prize opera, *The Rose of Pontevedra*, which was recently produced with so much success in Vienna:

"Forster's Gotha prize opera, *The Rose of Pontevedra*, was given for the first time in Vienna last Thursday. It seems strange that this opera has not been heard here before this. It is replete in tone-coloring and dramatic situations. Forster's forte is masterly handling of the orchestral instruments and his scoring is a genuine treat to a musician's ear. Dr. Forster, the musician, lives in Vienna. His fame as an astronomer is well known here. In exchanging the telescope for the pen in competing for the Gotha prize, he not only succeeded in winning it, but he also enriched the list of short one-act operas, which since Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* have been so plentiful."

At the Paris Grand Opera House during the past season twenty-five operas were performed, there being in all two hundred and eight performances. Wagner's works head the list with sixty performances; St. Saens follows with

a recitation by Miss M. E. Mathews and a violin solo by Miss Lena Hayes. These extra numbers were very artistically rendered and enthusiastically received. Miss Miller, I understand, is about to take up her residence in Winona, with the intention of ultimately pursuing her vocal studies either in New York or abroad. Her departure will be regretted by her many friends in Toronto, where, through her excellent singing and genial manners, she has become a general favorite with all classes.

The splendid choir of the Puddie Memorial church, Newark, N.J., which under the direction of Mr. E. M. Bowman had developed into what many considered to be the finest church choir in the United States, has resigned in a body, owing to a difference between Mr. Bowman and the church officials. Mr. Bowman, who had previously resigned, his resignation being based on a question of principle, had succeeded in building up a musical service which, on account of its unique beauty, yet strong devotional character, attracted large numbers of the most intelligent people of Newark, Orange, Montclair, etc., and even from New York and Brooklyn. The choir, which numbers eighty voices, has now resolved itself into an independent musical organization and meets regularly for practice under Mr. Bowman's direction.

The sacred cantata, *St. Mary Magdalene*, which was rendered by the Parkdale Presbyterian church choir on Tuesday evening of last week, was listened to by a large and appreciative audience. The work is a fine one, and under the direction of Mr. Ernest E. Leigh, organist, the audience was given a very fair idea of it. The choruses were sung in good style by a choir of forty voices, and barring nervousness on the part of a few of the soloists everything went remarkably well. No small credit is due Mr. Leigh for undertaking and successfully carrying out so difficult a work. The soloists were: Miss Mitchell, soprano; Miss Luno, soprano; Mrs. E. E. Leigh, contralto; Miss Slade, contralto; Mr. Malcolm W. Sparrow, tenor; Mr. Compton, tenor; Mr. Geo. Southcott, baritone; Mr. Rickaby, baritone; Mr. Kirby, bass; and Mr. Coutts, bass. Mr. Shannon, organist of Dunn Avenue Methodist church, also took part.

The following choruses will be sung by the Toronto Male Chorus Club at their approaching concert in the Grand Opera House on June 5: *Kerry Dance*, *Macy*; *Hark! The Trumpet Calleth* (vocal march), *Dudley Buck*; *Breeze of the Night* (waltz song), *Lamotte*; *The Singers' Watchword*, *Wollenhaupt*; *The Exile's Dream*, *Andersen*; and *'Tis the Dancers (mazurka)*, *Macy*.

The following notes from Mr. Angelo M. Read, who is now sojourning in Vienna, will be read with interest by the profession throughout Ontario:

DEAN MODERATO.—I shall endeavor to give you a few items of recent musical doing here. In Vienna lately we have seen the Palestrina masses, and Ad. Domini, by Fux and also a number of short pieces by Orlando Lasso, etc. The singing of the male choir in the Hofkapelle (Imperial Court church), Hans Richter conductor, differs considerably from that of either the Dom choir of Berlin or the St. Thomas choir of Leipzig, not so much in the quality of the voices as in the manner of rendering the music. Richter's choirs sing with decided accent, clearly pronouncing each word. Music, then, it would appear, is not the end, and one only object sought for in these performances, but a higher sense of its usefulness as an aid to worship seems never to be lost sight of. It has been said that "Music is the hand-maid to religion"; I say further that when music espouses religion she wins to herself the most powerful adjunct to Christian influence the world has ever known. Anton Rubinstein gave a programme of his works here recently. He also gave a piano recital to which the public responded heartily. He afterwards played to the pupils of the Conservatory and sang to them of Leeschetizky. The old master is looking very feeble and I fear it will in all probability be the last time he will visit Vienna. Vienna is a great musical center, whether you consider it from the artistic or the pedagogical side: their methods are the finest I have ever met with. There is system in piano technique such as I have not found in any other city. To me some of the best known works on technique as taught at the present time in some of the very cities where their authors lived and died, are superficial and delightfully vague. In fact, there are very few teachers who know how to teach piano technique. I am amazed at the methods they use here. Simple though they be, the results are true, because they fit physiologically. I had not known that Vienna possessed a pupil of Carl Czerny who teaches Czerny's method of technique supplemented by his own experience of nearly fifty years. Paderewski spent one whole year at this technique, in order to get certain muscles right, and 'twould know how he plays, if it does not know how he reached the goal. Could his talent alone have made him the pianist he is, think you? —Very truly,

ANGELO M. READ.

I have received some interesting notes from Mr. Angelo M. Read, who is at present sojourning in Vienna, concerning musical life in that influential art center during the past month. Mr. Read mentions the recent Rubinstein piano recitals and compares the remarkable playing of this giant of the keyboard at the present day with his still more wonderful performances of twelve years ago, when Mr. Read heard him frequently in Leipzig. Although he has lost somewhat in the finer details of his work he seems to have retained his old-time brilliancy and fire unimpaired. Mr. Read writes as follows concerning the prize opera,

"Forster's Gotha prize opera, *The Rose of Pontevedra*, was given for the first time in Vienna last Thursday. It seems strange that this opera has not been heard here before this. It is replete in tone-coloring and dramatic situations. Forster's forte is masterly handling of the orchestral instruments and his scoring is a genuine treat to a musician's ear. Dr. Forster, the musician, lives in Vienna. His fame as an astronomer is well known here. In exchanging the telescope for the pen in competing for the Gotha prize, he not only succeeded in winning it, but he also enriched the list of short one-act operas, which since Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* have been so plentiful."

At the Paris Grand Opera House during the past season twenty-five operas were performed, there being in all two hundred and eight performances. Wagner's works head the list with sixty performances; St. Saens follows with

twenty-five; Meyerbeer with twenty-one, Gounod with fifteen and Verdi with seven. Seventeen composers in all were represented in the season's representations. The new Italian school does not seem to find as much favor as in the leading German opera houses, and the repertoire as a whole is not as comprehensive or liberal as at Berlin, Hamburg, Dresden, Leipzig, Vienna, Cologne, or Munich, not to mention little Carlsruhe or Weimar. The manner, however, in which opera is mounted in Paris is not surpassed for brilliancy by any permanent establishment in the world.

The appended extract from the London *Musical Opinion* regarding the alleged feeling against English musical effort which is so frequently represented as existing in Germany, makes interesting reading and should be made a note of by the dyspeptic editor-in-chief of the *London Musical News*, who appears to be in a bad way generally of late. Too much of (in his case) indigestible Wagner on recent London concert programmes may partially account for his condition. The extract reads as follows: "Yet another Englishman, Mr. F. H. Cowen, has been carrying the war into the enemy's camp. A few weeks ago Mr. Cowen was invited to go to Leipzig to conduct a performance of his symphony in F and his suite, *The Language of Flowers*, by the Liszt Society. He accepted, went and conquered, and put one more nail in the coffin of the feeling supposed to exist in Germany against English music and musicians. *Apropos* of this, however, we may be allowed to repeat what we have often said before in these columns that that anti-English feeling is by no means so potent as it is said to be: the better class of German musician has for years past held a good opinion of us and our doings, and though we are constantly being told that the contrary is true, that statement is not in accordance with fact, as any person interested can see for himself by reading the contemporary German musical papers."

The following opinions concerning oratorio are attributed to Rubinstein: "The oratorio is a form of art against which I have always been inclined to protest. The best known master works of this kind have always (not in their study, but in the hearing of performances) left me cold, and, indeed, have often made an unpleasant impression on me; the stiffness of the forms, alike the musical and especially the poetic, have seemed to me in complete contradiction to the high dramatic nature of the matter. When I hear and see the sublime characters of the Old and New Testament sung by gentlemen in black frocks, with white neckties and yellow gloves, and a note-book before their faces, or by the ladies in the most modern, often the most extravagant, toilet, I am so disturbed by it that I never have any pure enjoyment."

MODERATO.

Authors and Critics.

MUCH is now expected of a man. Even in his leisure hours, when his feet are on the hob, he must be zealous in some cause, say Realism; serious, as he reflects upon the interests of literature and the position of authors; and, above all and hardest of all, he must be sympathetic. Irony he should eschew, and levity; but disquisitions on duty are never out of place. This disposition of mind, however praiseworthy, makes the aspect of things heavy; and yet this is the very moment selected by certain novelists, playwrights and irresponsible persons of that kind, to whom we have been long accustomed to look for relaxation, to begin prating, not of their duty to please us, but of our duty to appreciate them. It appears that we owe a duty to our contemporaries who write, which is not merely passive—that is, to abstain from slandering them—but active, namely, to read and admire them. The authors who grumble and complain of the merits of their own things are not the denizens of Grub street, or those poor neglected souls to one of whom Mr. Alfred Austin lately said:

Friend, be not trifled if the voice of fame, Along the narrow way of hurrying men, Where unto echo echo shouts again,

Be all day long not noisy with your name.

No; it is the shouted authors who are most discontented; the men who have best availed themselves of all the resources of civilization, who belong to syndicates, employ agents, have a price-current and know what it is to be paid half a dozen times over for the same thing. Even American copyright and the chance of taxing all the intelligence of a reading Republic—ever this does not satisfy them. They want to be classic in their own lifetime and to be spoken and written of as if they were already embalmed in the memory of a grateful nation. To speak or write lightly of the genius of Oliver Goldsmith, is to proclaim yourself an ass; but people who have the luck to be alive, must not expect to be taken quite so seriously. But they do. Everything is taken seriously in these grim days, even short stories. There is said to be a demand for short stories, begotten, amongst many other things, by that reckless parent, the Spirit of the Age. The one and only demand poor, wearied humanity has ever made, or will ever make, of the storyteller—he be as long-winded as Richardson or as breathless as Kipling—is to be made self-forgetful for a season. Interest me somehow, anyhow: make me mindless of the room I am sitting in, of the people about me; soothe me, excite me, tickle me, make me better, make me worse; do what you like with me, only make me to keep reading on, and a joy to do so. This is our demand. There is nothing unreasonable in it. It is a matter of experience. Authors have done all this for us, and are doing it to day. It is their trade, and a glorious one.

But the only thing that concerns the reader is the book he holds in his hand. He cannot derive inspiration from any other quarter. To the author the characters may be living; he may have lived amongst them for months; they may be inexpressibly dear to him, and his fine eyes may fill with tears as he thinks of Jane or Sarah, but this avails naught to the reader. Our authors are too apt to forget this, and to tell us what they think of their own figments, and how they came to write their books. The imitation of Carlyle cannot be generally recommended, but in one respect, at all events, his example should be followed. Though he made fuss enough whilst he was

writing a book, as soon as he had done with it he never mentioned it again.—Augustine Birrell.

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Hans Von Bulow Again.

The Continental papers continue to publish the smart sayings of the late Dr. Von Bulow. An American lady invaded his room and begged his signature to the foot of a photograph which she brought to him. Von Bulow, apparently in a great rage, rang the bell violently and commanded the servant to "send up the man who writes my autographs."

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Social and Personal.

N Saturday last St. Peter's church was the scene of a wedding which aroused a great deal of interest on the east side, and was witnessed by a very large number of guests and that inevitable crowd of spectators for whom a marriage ceremony possesses an ever new fascination. The weather was, as everyone knows, shocking, but the pretty group within the church were rather benefited by the gloomy afternoon, as it necessitated the illumination of the church and so added much to the appearance of both bridal party and guests. The ceremony took place at two o'clock, when the bride, Miss Elton Pearson, preceded by her bridesmaids, was led to the altar by her father, Mr. Elwin Pearson. Mr. Reginald Carter of Montreal, the handsome young bridegroom, awaited the party, accompanied by his best man, Mr. Victor Buchanan of Montreal, and at the strains of the bridesmaids' chorus from Lohengrin died away the reverie. Venerable Archdeacon Buddy performed the marriage service, which conferred the degree of matronhood on the popular and amiable little bride. Miss Pearson wore a lovely gown of duchess satin, with immense train, with piemonterie and lace garniture on the exquisitely fitting bodice and large sleeves; the veil of tulle was secured with sprays of orange flowers, and the bouquet was of white roses and ferns. The bridesmaids, Misses Maud Pearson, Carter, Phillips, Woods and Lowndes, were most daintily and simply gowned in pin-dotted white muslin frocks, with white satin belts, on which were worn silver clasps and buckles, the gift of the bridegroom. They wore white picture hats, trimmed with ribbons and tulle, with most fetching bows of tulle à l'Incroable tied under their chins and fastened with one pink rosebud, and carried La Tosca wands crowned with pink roses.

After the ceremony the bridal party and guests adjourned to the residence of Mr. Pearson on Sherbourne street, where the four bridesmaids stood inside the reception-room, with their flower-crowned wands forming an arch, under which the guests passed as they were announced, and congratulated Mr. and Mrs. Carter, Miss Maud Pearson as maid of honor and Mr. Buchanan as best man being in attendance on the bride and groom. The presents were beautifully arranged in an upper apartment, and evoked many expressions of admiration. A mandolin and string orchestra played during the entire reception and subsequent dances; a buffet was elegantly served by Webb's men, and the bright scene was a charming contrast to the gloom and downpour of rain outside. Among the many guests were: Archdeacon and Mrs. Buddy, Mr. and Mrs. H. Pollatt, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. and Miss Lee, Miss Ennis Lee, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Tackaberry, Mrs. and Miss Mara, Mr. and Mrs. Goldmann, Mr. and Mrs. Neville, Mr. and Mrs. Boatwick and Mr. and Mrs. H. Lowndes. The gowns were extremely handsome. Mrs. Rogers wore a very chic arrangement of brown and green brocaded grosgrain and silk. Mrs. Carter, the distinguished-looking mother of the bridegroom, was in black satin and small bonnet. Mrs. Pearson looked extremely well in a lovely shot velour gown with large bracelets of green velvet, and a charming bonnet. Miss Nellie Macdonald was a veritable golden butterfly in white and gold striped crepon, with buttercup petticoat and facings, and enormous hat, with fan bows of white tulle and tulle veil. Mrs. Williams of Oshawa wore a lovely gown of old rose and green India silk. Mrs. Moore wore cream and brown. Mrs. Montgomery Lowndes was as beautiful and smiling as when she reigned a belle as Miss May Bostwick. The four ushers were Messrs. Fred Grey, Charles Lowndes, H. Hulme and Arthur Dupuis, and they succeeded in keeping the large congregation in a state of decorum not often noticeable at public weddings, as well as providing excellently for the seating of the guests. Mr. and Mrs. Carter left by the afternoon train for the States, and are enjoying their honeymoon in visiting the larger northern cities. The bride's going-away gown was of delicate gray cloth, tailor-made, with father's daughter hat of gray and blue straw and ribbons. Mr. and Mrs. Carter will reside in Montreal.

Mrs. William Mattress of Carlton street has returned from a visit to New York.

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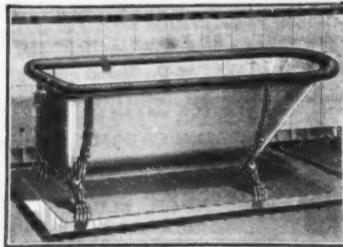
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Social and Personal.

Another wedding at St. Peter's interested every quarter of the city, as the parents of the bride are among the best known of Toronto's best families, and the fair bride is going away from Toronto to reside. The marriage of Miss Kathleen Blake, second daughter of Mr. S. H. Blake, and Dr. T. J. Rhinelander of New York, took place on Wednesday at eleven o'clock. Of course it rained. Jupiter Pluvius, or St. Swithin, or some other cranky deity, has attended to the weather with malicious delight for our sweet May brides. The bridal gown was of rich cream white satin, with veil and orange blossoms, and the bridesmaids, two in number, Miss Gzowski and Miss Edgar of New York, wore frocks of white satin striped crepon, and instead of the usual hats, veils of tulle and wreaths of pink roses. The best man was Mr. F. C. Huntingdon, son of Bishop Huntingdon. Two wee tots in white followed the bride; they were her small nieces, Miss Moss and Miss Blake. The church was charmingly decorated with white lilacs, which garlanded the pews reserved for the guests. The bride was given away by her father. After the ceremony, which was performed by Archdeacon Boddy, the party of guests, including only immediate relatives and connections, attended a reception at the home of Mr. Blake on Jarvis street. Dr. and Mrs. Rhinelander left on the noon train for New York, whence they will sail for Antwerp shortly.

Miss Maggie Macdonell will shortly sail for Scotland for a year's visit. I trust the sojourn in the land o' cakes will benefit her health. Mr. J. A. Macdonell's many friends are pleased to welcome him back to Parkdale.

On the 10th of this month Mr. R. S. Bennett of New York and Miss Margaret Louise Hope, second daughter of Mrs. Hope of Harbord street, Toronto, were married. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's cousin in New York.

Hosts of visitors are in town for the races. Nearly every hostess of note has friends to house and entertain. Those who have not, are kind in arranging the usual luncheons, dinners

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Open fronted Jackets and Tailor-made Suits to order—Tweeds, Serges and Coverts, \$12, \$15, \$18, \$25—the very newest styles.

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Dress Suit Cases...

In Alligator and Sole Leather, Tan, Russet, Olive and Chestnut colors.

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Advise their friends to send all their cleaning and re-dying to the British American Dyeing Co. They have the very best facilities for all classes of work, and guaranteed satisfaction.

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While it is true that the above sign means a place where you can get a good meal, please do not let the fact that a restaurant in connection with "The Spa" will furnish anything from a light lunch to a first-class dinner or table de boeuf. The latest delicacies of the season at reasonable prices. Try a box of my fine candy.

THE SPA, 39 KING WEST

Rev. Lawrence Skeen of St. Peter's was married last week in Halifax. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Skeen will reside at 503 Ontario street, where Mrs. Skeen will receive on the first Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in June.

The Misses Miller of Buffalo are at Ravenswood, the guests of Mrs. G. Allen Arthur.

The Rusholme Lawn Tennis Club, of which Colonel Fred Denison is president, opened their season's play on Queen's birthday.

In the death of Archdeacon McMurray of Niagara, Canada loses one of the oldest clergymen of the Anglican Church within her borders. The venerable gentleman was father of Mr. James McMurray of Toronto, whose family are among the best known in social circles. Archdeacon McMurray leaves a widow,

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**SYMINGTON'S
COFFEE ESSENCE
EDINBURGH.**

BEGIN THE DAY & END
THE DAY WITH A CUP OF
SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH
COFFEE ESSENCE
THE HOUSEWIFE'S HELP &
THE BACHELOR'S FRIEND
OF ALL GROCERS.

MARK!

the way, black and white is the rage in New York, I am told. Queen's Plate day should see a very brilliant crowd at the Woodbine, and rain or no rain, men and women will turn out for that event.

Mrs. Crossen of Cobourg is the guest of Mrs. Riddell of Bond street for race week.

It is pleasing to chronicle the improvement in the health of Mrs. Bendelar, whose very serious illness has caused sorrow and anxiety to hosts of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McLean cabled of their safe arrival in England last Saturday. They intend visiting relatives in Scotland during the honeymoon.

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IF NOT CALLED FOR IN 10 DAYS RETURN TO 1057 WASHINGTON AVE



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his second wife, and the memory of a long and consistent career of useful labor in his chosen field. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Pauline Johnson writes from London glowing impressions of the Old Country. She is in the toils of the modiste, who is preparing gorgeous gowns for her presentation, etc., in England. By the way, Baroness Macdonald of Earncliffe and Mrs. and Miss Sanford of Hamilton were presented on May 10.

The entertainment to be given by the Queen's Own in the new Drill Hall on June 4 and following days promises great things in the way of fun. The Midway Plaisance will be finely re-produced.

The Queen's Own went to St. Thomas for the 24th, the Grenadiers to Galt and the Kitties to Woodstock.

PETTIT—May 15, Mrs. Stanley Pettit—a daughter.

Marriages.

CARTER—PEARSON—May 19, Reginald Arthur Carter
Edea Pearson.

RHINELANDER—BLAKE—May 23, T. J. Rhinelander
Kalis Blake.

Deaths.

CRAWFORD—May 10, Eugenie Crawford.

MCCUBRY—May 9, Margaret McCubry, aged 73.

MCDONALD—May 20, Margaret McDonald, aged 86.

SCOTT—May 12, Alexander F. Scott, aged 65.

CLARKE—May 17, Francis H. Clarke, aged 64.

HACKETT—May 17, Samuel Hackett, aged 61.

HILL—May 18, John N. B. Hill.

STEWART—May 17, William Stewart, aged 48.

TAYLOR—May 17, George Taylor, aged 48.

MILLER—May 17, William D. Miller, aged 51.

TRAVERS—May 20, John N. Travers.

MCMURRAY—May 19, Archdeacon McMurray, aged 83.

MARTIN—May 19, Minnie Martin.

WELSH—May 19, Harry H. Welsh, aged 17.

**DICKSON &
TOWNSEND**

TELEPHONE 2922 AUCTIONEERS

J. FRASER BRYCE'S
228 Jarvis Street

**Valuable Household Furniture
Piano, Pictures, Etc.**

Comprising in part of a very fine lined upright piano (Mendlesham); beautiful mahogany case; a magnificent instrument in solid mahogany; dining room furniture; sideboard; very elaborate; oak and gilt stand; banquet lamp and shade; beautiful chairs and easy chairs; center, hall, and fancy tables; very fine dining room set in oak and leather; sideboard and oak extension dining table; oak bedroom sets; very fine White, Brussels, Tapetex and other carpets; very fine brocade; silk curtains; silk valances; kitchen utensils, etc.; also several very fine pictures from the brush of F. MacGivray Knowles, O.S.A., and others; two very fine leopard and wolf rugs; lace curtains, portieres and gas fixtures throughout the house.

Sale on

TUESDAY, MAY 29 AT 11 A.M. TERMS CASH.

**DICKSON &
TOWNSEND**

TELEPHONE 2922 IMPORTANT SALE OF

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

The entire contents of the residence,
No. 82 Wellesley Street
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Will be sold by auction on

THURSDAY, MAY 31 WITHOUT RESERVE

This Furniture is of good substantial character and consists of all the articles usually found in a WELL APPOINTED RESIDENCE.

Terms cash. Sale at 11 a.m.

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No Trouble House

Send us word. We will have your carpets taken up, thoroughly cleaned and laid again day you say, and

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We Expect to Move Next Week

Wedding Gifts

A choice selection of FRENCH CHINA just opened, which will be offered with other goods at a special discount until we move.

JUNIOR & IRVING

Tel. 2177 109 King St. West

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

YOUNG—On Saturday, May 19, at No. 11 Sussex avenue, the wife of Alexander L. Young—a son.

DAVIS—At 40 Spruce street, the wife of T. Edwin Davis.

BOOTH—May 21, Mrs. W. E. Booth—a son.

GIBSON—May 21, Mrs. W. G. Gibson—a son.

KILMER—May 18, Mrs. George H. Kilmer—a daughter.

McGREGOR—May 18, Mrs. J. McGregor—a daughter.

INSPECTION INVITED.

A. & S. NORDHEIMER

PIANO WAREROOMS:

15 KING STREET EAST.

At Reduced Prices

Measures, A. & S. NORDHEIMER offer at much reduced prices for this month a large number of superior Upright and Cabinet Grand Pianos of THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE, recently returned from hire during the winter months, many of which are as good as new. Also a number of splendid Grand-hand Pianos by Steinway, Chickering, Haines, Galder, etc., ALL AT GREAT REDUCTIONS FROM REGULAR PRICES.